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A DREAM.

A few days ago I dreamed that I was steering a very gay and elaborate ship upon some narrow water with many people upon its banks, and that there was a figure upon a bed in the middle of the ship. The people were pointing to the figure and questioning, and in my dream I sang verses which faded as I awoke, all but this fragmentary thought, "We call it, it has such dignity of limb, by the sweet name of Death." I have made my poem out of my dream and the sentiment of my dream, and can almost say, as Blake did, "The Authors are in Eternity."

There on the high and painted stern
I held a painted steering oar,
And everywhere that I could turn
Men ran upon the shore.

And though I would have hushed the crowd,
There was no mother's son but said,
"What is the figure in a shroud
Upon a painted bed?"

And fishes, bubbling to the brim,
Cried out upon that thing beneath,
It had such dignity of limb,
By the sweet name of Death.

Though I'd my finger on my lip,
What could I but take up the song?
And fish and crowd and painted ship,
Cried out the whole night long.

Crying, amid the glittering sea,
Naving it with ecstatic breath,
Because it had such dignity,
By the sweet name of Death.

W. B. Yeats.

In the Seven Woods, July 3rd.
The Nation.

IN MY GARDEN.

'Twas there she turned and mocked at me,
Just by that snow-white lilac tree:
"What did I want with woman's love?
Flowers filled my life all else above."
Ah, when she seemed to scorn me so,
My garden—'twas a Vale of Woe.

This is the rose she threw away—
I plucked it from a damask spray
And bade her wear it for my sake;
Small progress did my wooing make—
She only saw the tiny thorn
By which her little hand was torn.

Towards that small white gate she sped,
The sparrows twittered overhead,
A lark sprang up from out the grass—
I vowed I would not let her pass
Until at least I knew my fate—
Such coquetry was out of date.

A bush of syringa looked down
Upon her forehead's puckered frown,
Then tossed some blossoms in her hair,—
And she, she let them linger there.
"Cupid is crowning you," I cried,
"The orange flower proclaims the bride."

Ah, when at length she raised her eyes,
My garden—it was Paradise!

Annie G. Hopkins.
The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE MIDDLE MARCHES.

(*"Posuit fines tuos pacan."*—Psalm xlvii.)
No Warden keeps the marches
From Tynedale to the Tweed;
Broad winds the road to Scotland
Beside the streams of Rede.

Here, where some flaming roof-tree
Leaped red-tongued to the sky,
About the grass-grown ruins
The nesting rock-doves fly.

Here, where spear-driven cattle
Splashed deep to taste the cool,
Only the quick-winged dipper
Startles the quiet pool.

Unwatched, your flocks, O shepherds,
Feed safe o'er many a field;
With red-brown bracken rusted
Hangs Cheviot's dinted shield.

Plough, husbandman, long furrows,
Fling, sower, undismayed,
In groves of birch and alder
Tweed sheathes his steel-bright
blade.
The Spectator.

THE TURKISH REVOLUTION.

Three points are especially interesting in connection with the remarkable change which has taken place in the condition of the Ottoman Empire. Firstly, the unprecedented manner in which one of the most despotically governed countries in the world has acquired freedom; secondly, the prospects of a satisfactory working of the new order of things and its permanence—in other words, the prospects of real reformation which the transformation offers; thirdly, the feelings with which the modified situation in which Turkev finds herself is viewed by her immediate neighbors and by the rest of the world.

I propose to deal with these three points as comprehensively as is possible within the compass of a Review article.

The re-establishment by Abd-ul-Hamid of the Constitution he had promulgated in 1876, and almost immediately afterwards suspended, came as a tremendous surprise to everybody, not excepting the chiefs of the Young Turkey party, who did not expect such a sudden fruition of their patriotic labors. Undoubtedly these labors have been very great during the last ten years or so, and marked by an ability and perseverance which reflect the greatest credit on the reorganizer of the party, Prince Sabah-ed-dine, own nephew of Abd-ul-Hamid, who, at the early age of thirty, has gained undying glory as the prime agent in the destruction of one of the most infamous and yet most deeply-rooted political systems in the world. But the obstacles to success opposed by the ill-inspired genius of Abd-ul-Hamid, and the extraordinary difficulty of weaning the Turkish peasant, who forms the backbone of the Turkish army, from his almost animal devotion to the Sul-

tan-Caliph, were recognized to be of such magnitude by the party as to cause it to believe that at least two or three years more would be necessary to bring about that general revolt of the troops upon which it had rightly centred its efforts and which, by depriving the Hamidian *régime* of its principal support, would bring it to the ground. What hastened the event is that the indescribably wretched condition which has been the lot of the Turkish soldier under the autocracy of Yildiz, and which none but men of his admirably patient and disciplined race would have endured so long, became at last intolerable to him when he was brought into contact with his fellow-subjects, most of them his co-religionists, of the Macedonian Gendarmerie, whose treatment under European supervision, formed such a contrast to his own. The army concentrated in Macedonia, which represented four-fifths of the military establishment of Turkey, having revolted, the movement spread with lightning rapidity to the neighboring troops in the Vilayet of Adrianople, and from them to those in the vicinity of Constantinople, because it arose from a reaction against unbearable sufferings common to all the soldiers of the Sultan, with the exception of those belonging to the pampered Guard, garrisoned around Yildiz itself, and also because, unlike former mutinies, the rebellion in Macedonia broke out in the midst of a whole Army Corps simultaneously, and thus gave encouragement to other units and divisions to follow suit.

The Young Turkey party had no anticipation of this happy precipitation of events, due to unforeseen causes; but no sooner had the tendency manifested itself among the rank and file to take into its own hands the matter

of the reformation of their lot—their object was purely selfish in the beginning, and confined to the desire of remedying military grievances only—than the party intervened through the numerous officers affiliated to its cause, and, adjusting the movement to its general purposes, gave it the significance of a political rising, which led, in an extraordinarily short time, to the attainment of its fundamental programme. Herein lies the great merit of Prince Sabah-ed-dine and his coadjutors. They were prepared for emergencies because they had patiently established a wide-spread connection with the regimental officers of the Turkish Army, the great majority of whom had personal as well as patriotic motives for adhering to the Young Turkey creed, but who ran the greatest risks in joining the ranks of the party. In this way a military revolt was promptly transformed into a revolution: the first, be it noted, which has taken place in the history of Turkey. It is a fact that, so far, all dethronements and other forced political changes in the Ottoman Empire have been the result of conspiracies or revolts. It is a sign of the times that, whereas it has been impossible in the past to bring the Turkish masses into line against the throne, because to them it represented an intangible Idol, semi-religious, semi-political, they have been awakened by their sufferings into a notion of solidarity, the underlying element of which is a new-born spirit of criticism in regard to the Sultan-Caliph. The great difference between the Turkish upheaval of 1876 and the present one is that the former represented the ideas of a small group of enlightened patriots, whereas the latter is thoroughly national in character.

The rôle played by Abd-ul-Hamid in the drama which has just been enacted is intensely interesting to analyze. At first—that is, during two or

three days—the crowned Machiavelli of modern times could not bring himself to believe that the system he had devised for preventing his subjects, and especially his troops, from combining against him in any but a sporadic and timid manner—that system which we cannot help admiring as a marvel of ingenuity, knowledge of human nature, and singleness of purpose—had failed to act after serving him so well for thirty-one years. When, however, with the quick perception which is one of the attributes of his extraordinary intellect, he realized that this was the case, and that resistance to the wishes of the nation was out of the question, he promptly adapted himself to the new situation and, shedding the despot, entered into the skin of a constitutional sovereign with a facility and good grace which came as a revelation even to those most intimately acquainted with him. It was an axiom with all students of Abd-ul-Hamid's character that, rather than part with the omnipotence of despotism, which appeared to be as necessary an element of existence to him as the breath of his nostrils, he would confront a hundred deaths or put an end to his days with his own hands. Is he not authentically known to have said that, so long as he could remain the absolute master of his subjects, the Empire might shrink to the size of a single province? And does not the whole history of his reign confirm this statement? Does it not teach that his object has been to weaken the Empire systematically, methodically, unrelentingly, in order the better to dominate it, but nicely calculating with his destructive action so as to prevent the fabric from collapsing entirely before his death, and thus have some territory, if only that single province of which we have just spoken, to dominate? Never in history has the motto of "*Après moi le déluge*" been more

thoroughly followed than by Abd-ul-Hamid as Sultan of Turkey. And yet that very man, when confronted by the inevitable in the shape of an unexpected revolution, bows to it, and says to his subjects: "I thoroughly identify myself with the change. My dearest wish is to preside over its successful development." And he means what he says. Not that he would not take advantage of the smallest chance of recovering his lost power; but, seeing none, and rightly so, for reasons which will presently appear, he has no alternative, since he has decided to remain on the throne, but to play the part of constitutional sovereign as thoroughly as he has typified that of despot. It is indeed a wonder that, instead of abdicating or committing suicide—as one would have expected of a ruler who, having sacrificed everything to the possession of absolute power, and having enjoyed it in all its Oriental plenitude for thirty-one years, is suddenly deprived of it—he should bend himself to the tameness of limited monarchy. It is only another reason for admiring this prodigious man, in whom will-power is evidently the supreme quality among so many other remarkable attributes. But, it may be asked, what is it that has caused him to exercise his will-power in the direction he has adopted. No doubt the fact that, being no longer able to sacrifice the Empire to his misguided ambition, he has suddenly awakened to a sense of patriotism, and wishes to make amends to his country by serving it in the only capacity left to him, that of constitutional sovereign. Be that as it may, we need not hesitate to believe the genius of Abd-ul-Hamid will act now as an invaluable aid to Turkey, as invaluable in the present as its ill-directed action in the past has been incalculably injurious to her. The writer is firmly convinced that, if only he live long enough, Abd-ul-Hamid is

destined to become the best sovereign Turkey has ever had, after having certainly been the worst. None better than he, possessed as he is of an incomparable experience, a unique *coup d'œil*, and a deftness of touch that makes a very magician of him, could pilot the ship of State through the stormy seas of reform; for stormy they will soon become, the present glad calm and sunshine being the result of temporary causes, as will be presently explained. Who knows but what Abd-ul-Hamid may yet wipe out the memory of the wrongs he has inflicted upon his country by services of equal magnitude?

Another very remarkable circumstance accompanying the Turkish Revolution, and which justifies the pretty name given to it by Hilmi Pasha, *une évolution sans tache*, is that it has given rise to no excesses on the part of the soldiery or the civilian population. The movement has been, so far, kept well in hand by the Young Turkey leaders, who have used their new-found power with a tact and moderation equal to the consummate skill and dogged perseverance which has led to the triumph of their programme. Only two cases of violence against the representatives of the former régime, of which the horrors were sufficient to justify the most terrible reprisals on the part of the population, have been recorded up to date. Fehim Pasha, perhaps the greatest villain of the infamous gang which served as an instrument for the execution of the now defunct policy of Yıldız, was lynched at Broussa by the mob, and another myrmidon of the palace, a notorious spy, was badly beaten at Salónica. For the rest, arrest and imprisonment have been the only forms of punishment to which recourse has been had. As for pillaging or even maulkering, there has been no instance of them. This constitutes the highest testimonial

not only in favor of the leaders of the movement but of the Musulman population at large, and more especially the predominant Turkish element, which was credited in so many quarters with every instinct of brutality but has given the world, not excluding the West, which indulges in such complacent self-laudation, a lesson in self-restraint and generosity which should receive ample recognition from the detractors of the race, its English detractors especially, who have been loudest in their denunciations of the "unspeakable Turk." It is only fair to add that it is in England also that Turkey has found her staunchest friends, and that they have always formed the majority of the population.

While it developed without displaying excesses of any kind, the Turkish Revolution has been marked by the fraternization of Musulmans and Christians, and of Christians among themselves, and, still more astonishing phenomenon, by the surrendering to the Turkish authorities of the "Comitadjil" bands of Macedonia. But this fraternization, so far as the majority of the Christians is concerned, is attributable to no permanent feeling. Overjoyed at the suppression of the tyranny which weighed so heavily on them, the Christians, thinking for the moment of nothing else but of manifesting their wild delight, fell on the necks of their Musulman compatriots, who had already moved to meet them more than half way. The latter are certainly inspired by a sincere desire for permanent reconciliation. But it is just as certain that the former, or at least certain nationalities among them, will sooner or later, rather sooner than later, freeze into indifference and from indifference pass back to hostility. As for the "Comitadjis," the latest news to hand is to the effect that they are already reverting to their former occupation. This brings me to

the second point of my article, namely, the prospects of good working and durability of the new order of things in Turkey.

The Turks proper, the founders of the Ottoman Empire, of which they have always been and will continue to remain the axis, and which is composed of nearly as many nationalities as the mosaic of peoples governed by the Hapsburgs, are giving conclusive proofs of their sincere desire to weld the variegated and, so far, antagonistic populations of Turkey into one whole, inspired by a feeling of common citizenship. This is natural. Chastened by a bitter experience, the Turks have become fully aware that they can only keep together what remains of the inheritance of Osman, *their* inheritance, through the contentment of the races they have conquered. It is for this reason that the first care of the Young Turkey party in its hour of triumph has been to proclaim and emphasize what, *du reste*, constitutes one of the fundamental principles of the resuscitated Constitution of Midhat Pasha, namely, the equality before the law, under the common name of Ottomans, of all the elements of the heterogeneous multitude which inhabits the Empire. The Turkish population (I am still speaking of the Turks proper) has cordially adhered to this notion of its leaders. Few incidents in history are more touching than the visit paid by a large assemblage of Turks to the Armenian cemetery in Constantinople in order to deposit floral tributes on the graves of the victims of the massacre of 1894 and to have prayers recited, by a priest of their own persuasion, over the butchered dead. Truly, the Turks have shown to extraordinary advantage during the present crisis. Not only have they displayed marked steadiness of demeanor in a situation which would have produced disorderly intoxication in most nations, but they have

also acted like men of feeling and refinement, confirming the verdict of those who knew them best that they are "the gentlemen of the East." And they have been well served by their instincts. For, if anything was calculated to placate the Armenians and throw them into the arms of the race from whose midst sprang their arch tormentor and which, though it did not lend itself to the execution of the sanguinary anti-Armenian policy of the Yildiz—it is the Kurds who are guilty of this revolting complacency—yet has much with which to reproach itself in regard to them, it is this charmingly simple act of contrition and redemption.

The Turks have offered moral reparation, in this and other gracefully inspired forms, to the Armenians for past ill-treatment, and the latter having accepted it in the same spirit, while, on the other hand, the re-establishment of the Constitution of 1876 has been already accompanied by preliminary measures of reform and other circumstances which make it imperative on every fair-minded person to give the ruling element in Turkey credit for the earnest desire and the ability to introduce competent government into the Empire—a point to which I will revert with greater wealth of argument at the end of this article, asking my readers to take it provisionally for granted that the Turks deserve the full confidence of the world in the new rôle they have assumed—nothing stands in the way of a permanent political association of the two peoples.

There are Armenians but there is no Armenia. In none of the Turkish vilayets or Russian provinces included in the boundaries of the defunct Kingdom of Tigrane the Great do the Armenians form the majority. Even if they did and were well grouped geographically they could not dream of achieving absolute independence, counting, as they

do, less than 2,000,000, between two such powerful neighbors as Russia and Turkey. The Poles, who form a compact ethnic mass numbering 20,000,000, and who possess at least as much patriotism and vitality, not to speak of civilization, as the Armenians, have renounced the idea, not, indeed, of regaining the unity of which the partition of their country has deprived them—that will come—but of reconstituting an independent political entity. With the sense of realities they have developed in the school of adversity they have understood that, situated as they are numerically and geographically, the extreme form of self-government they can attain is that of autonomy as federal member of one of the two gigantic States between which and Austria their territory is divided, namely Russia, who offers them the advantage of reconciliation and union with a kindred race. Can the Armenians hope to do better than the Poles? As a matter of fact, only a small minority of the leaders of the race, which is sensible in the main, and has calmed down from the chimerical exaltation which possessed it at one time, as it possessed the Poles, have aspired for anything else but happy conditions of existence under Turkish rule. Excellent foundations for this exist in the very considerable autonomy which the Armenians as well as the other non-Musulman elements of the Empire already enjoy in a form which is remarkable in that it is racial, not territorial, and groups them into distinct units called *Millet* (nations) under their religious chiefs—Patriarchs, Exarchs, Rabbis, etc. If, to the full exercise of this legally recognized privilege, which, under the autocracy of Abdul-Hamid, received many checks, be added the benefits of a good imperial government, nothing will be wanting to make the lot of the Armenians, as a people, as satisfactory as it is

materially possible for it to become. The guarantees provided for the accomplishment of these conditions by the new era which has dawned in the Ottoman Empire make it less desirable than ever for the Armenians to join their brethren under Russian rule—a third section of the race lives in Persia—which is the only other alternative to their aspirations. Maltreated they have been by the Turks, administratively and socially; but with the adoption of a sincerely fraternal attitude towards them by the latter, and the memory of the political liberality which their conquerors have shown them, and which has allowed them to retain their national individuality and develop a considerable measure of civilization, they cannot feel attracted to Russia, where, in addition to ill-treatment equal to that endured in Turkey, their compatriots have suffered and still suffer from legal disabilities, and are exposed to denationalization. Indeed, what is more likely to happen is that the Russian Armenians will emigrate *en masse* to Turkey, substituting for the religious centre of Etchmiadzin, in the Caucasus, which has been for centuries the seat of the "Catholicos," the supreme pastor of the forcibly disrupted race, some locality on Ottoman territory equally enshrined in national traditions and legends.

It will be seen from what precedes that the Armenians are destined to work in durable unison with the Turks in the remodelled Ottoman Empire. Their financial, commercial, and administrative aptitudes, which are of the highest order, will constitute a felicitous complement to the political and martial virtues which predominate in the Turks. The co-operation of the two peoples will act as a conservative factor of great importance in the new situation.

The Albanians and the Kurds, living respectively at the western and eastern

extremities of the Empire, and whose case, as subjects of the Porte, presents singular points of resemblance in that they have both been allowed to preserve a feudal system of organization, and to indulge their lawless and rapacious instincts at the expense of their Christian compatriots, while, at the same time, they are practically exempted from military service—the so-called "Hamidic" regiments of Kurdish cavalry are a voluntary militia which has sprung out of an understanding between Abd-ul-Hamid and the hereditary enemies of the Armenians, the better to enable the former to exercise their sanguinary hostility against the latter—have not the same reasons as the Armenians for rejoicing at the re-establishment of the Constitution. To them this great event means the loss of very substantial privileges. And, although the new régime will provide them with compensations in the shape of administrative benefits such as roads, education, and other characteristics of civilization, in whose wake wealth will follow automatically and without violence, the more ignorant and thoughtless among them will not be in a position to appreciate them for some time to come, or, at all events, will consider that the enjoyment of lording it over others, pistol in hand, is far superior to that procured by progress and well-being under a system of equality with their former victims. But the Turkish soldier, disciplined, brave, and well armed, who has acted policeman throughout the empire with such stolid devotion to an effete and wicked central government of which he has been one of the principal sufferers, will resume this duty with an increased vigor and goodwill inspired by the improved conditions of service under the colors, and will restore order in the disaffected provinces even quicker than when he was asked to do so before the Sultan—which, in truth,

was not often. Eventually both races will settle down contentedly to the modern conception of citizenship which the constitutional government of Turkey will set before them, backed by Mauser rifles and Krupp guns of the latest pattern. This will happen much sooner in the case of the Albanians, who, though wild and ignorant, are a highly intelligent race with traits of nobility in their character which are entirely lacking in their "colleagues" on the other border of the Empire. The Shkipetars, as they call themselves, are destined, like the Armenians, to become a very valuable asset to the Empire whose councils have already benefited in the past, and will do so much more in the future, from their political genius—the famous Keuprullu dynasty of Grand-Vizirs was Albanian, as are so many of the Young Turks—and whose army will receive a considerable supplement of qualities from the dash and resourcefulness of these remarkable mountaineers whom ethnologists have been unable to classify any more than the Basques of the Pyrenees. As for any desire on their part to unite with Greece, which fanciful and complacent theorists of that country attribute to them, the notion is simply grotesque. Even more grotesque is the supposition that they will care to pass under Austro-Hungarian or Italian rule, either of which will not be content to deprive them of their privileges, but will condemn them to a condition of political inferiority in the midst of the communities which constitute the monarchies governed respectively by the Houses of Hapsburg and Savoy. The position of their country in the new combination would be that of Bosnia-Herzegovina, a portion of Turkey, already occupied by Austria-Hungary, excellently administered, no doubt, but kept in distinct subjection to the older political formation.

The Greeks, Bulgarians, and Servians

inhabiting the Empire have derived genuine satisfaction from the change brought about by the Young Turks. But how long will this feeling last? To live free from degradation and outrage is necessarily the unique preoccupation, *for the present*, of these races which, so far, have been the victims not only of the maladministration of Constantinople, but also, and in later times especially, of the armed bands vomited by the States formed around Macedonia by their emancipated congener. These bands, of which Bulgaria was the first to conceive the notion, finding prompt imitators, or rather rivals, in Greece and Servia, have not been in the least concerned to ameliorate the lot of their unredeemed brethren. Their only object has been either to bring back to the national fold what were, or what they considered to be, lost sheep, or to attract new ones from the neighboring enclosures. In their struggles to attain this object against one another, with a view to the establishment of favorable statistics to their plans at the expense of the "Sick Man" (what irony this name contains to-day!), they have had recourse to methods of such violence as must surely make the "Grand Old Man," who was such a staunch believer in the righteousness of all in Turkey except the "Unspeakable Turk," turn uneasily in his grave. The bestial intoxication caused to them by the fumes of the human blood they were spilling with such accompaniment of cruelty, and of the innumerable villages they were reducing to cinders in the districts inhabited by their rivals, finally overcame all sense of the human in them, and being at the same time pressed by the want of funds, especially the Bulgar and Servian bands, which, unlike the Greek, lacked the patronage of wealthy merchant-princes, they actually resorted to methods of extortion against their own kith and

kin, showing as much savagery in this pursuit as in their enterprises against their opponents. No wonder that the settled Greeks, Bulgars, and Servians of Macedonia—I have left out of consideration the Koutzo-Vlachs or trans-Balcanic Roumanians as too insignificant a factor—overtaxed by the Ottoman authorities who gave them absolutely nothing in exchange, terrorized each by the bands of the two other sides, and even by those which had taken the field in the name of their own particular nationalism, celebrated the wonderful change, so full of promises of relief, which had taken place all of a sudden in the management of the Empire, by shouting "hosanna" and fraternizing indiscriminately with one another and the Turks. It is less easy to explain why the bands surrendered to the authorities, since they were composed of maniacs exclusively intent upon "pegging-out" claims at any cost for their respective nationalities, an operation which the reformation of government in Turkey is scarcely calculated to facilitate. But a reaction is bound to set in at no remote period in the case of all these populations, as has already happened in the case of the "Comitadjis." Emancipated Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia will act as irresistible magnets upon them. Secretly they will cherish the hope and foster the chance of amalgamating with their independent brethren across the frontier. No improvement in their condition will destroy this ideal, temporarily thrust back into some obscure corner of their hearts. On the contrary, as their well-being grows under the new Turkish rule, their national aspirations will develop in strength and impatience. I am not criticizing, *je constate seulement*. The whole range of history is there to prove that they will only be displaying a fundamental trait of human nature in going through this process. Unless the chemical composi-

tion of their blood is modified, thanks to the invention of some Turkish *savant* of the future, so as to transform them into a new species of humanity, they will sooner or later resume, with renewed vigor, their subversive designs against the Ottoman State. If, in conjunction with their elder and politically "settled" brethren, they succeed in reconciling their antagonistic claims on the basis of some compromise, Turkey will have a great deal more to do than to govern well in order to retain Macedonia. However unlikely this contingency may appear in the present state of intense hatred which divides Bulgaria, Greece and Servia, it is one which Turkey has to take into serious consideration. *Carevant consules.* It is really her weakness which has brought about the intransigent attitude assumed towards one another by these pretenders to the Macedonian territory. Her restoration to health may, and, according to the writer, will, effect a reconciliation and *entente* between them which will also include restless Montenegro. Fortunately for Turkey, other Powers are interested in the maintenance of the *status quo*. They may be relied upon to act as a counter-weight to a pan-Balcanic combination.

On the whole, without ever becoming a source of strength to Turkey, the Christians inhabiting her European territory will not be in a position to imperil her integrity until the time, just perceptible in the dim future, when Europe will enter into travail to bring forth a new system of political divisions based on the principle of pan-nationalist federations.

The Syrians, Arabs, and Egyptians wind up the list of races of importance which are included in Ottoman territory, and whose reaction to the touch of liberalism and its concomitant—reform—it is necessary to examine. Numerically they constitute an ex-

tremely important group—25,000,000 to 30,000,000—whose several sections, with the exception of 1,500,000 non-Moslem Syrians, profess the same religion as their conquerors, but whose tongue, racial characteristics, and civilization, being radically different, place them in a separate category. The Arab expansion which followed upon the advent of Islamism united them, with many other peoples, into a gigantic State the memory of whose power and glories, aided by Turkish maladministration and decadence, has kept up in the breasts of its dethroned founders—I am speaking of the inhabitants of the Arabian peninsula, of which the Turks have subdued only a small fraction—a keen spirit of opposition to Ottoman rule and the firm hope of a restoration. The one thing this people have in common with the Turks—Islamism, which as a rule acts as such a powerful bond between its adherents—constitutes an additional source of division between them, because of what the Arabs consider as a usurpation by the dynasty of Osman of the supreme dignity of Islam, which, according to them, should by right have remained vested in one of the families descended from the Prophet—in other words, in their own race.

So far as the writer knows, no news of joyous manifestations such as those which greeted the re-establishment of the Constitution in other parts of the Empire has reached the outer world from Arabia. If any celebrations have taken place it can only be in those parts of the peninsula which are really under Turkish rule, and where mal-administration has been even greater than in the less excentrically situated provinces of Turkey, and where, in consequence, the dawning era of reform must have come, in the first instance, as a welcome event to the inhabitants. But, as in the case of Macedonia, reaction is bound to follow, reaction in-

spired by the desire to see a unified Arabia under a national dynasty, wielding the supreme spiritual as well as temporal power, with, as a final goal, the re-inclusion in the sphere of its dominion of Syria and Egypt and—who knows?—the rest of the Arabic-speaking lands. Fortunately for Turkey, there is no feeling of solidarity between Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, notwithstanding the assertions to the contrary of the *soi-distant* “party” of Arab reconstitution whose manifestoes have constituted tissues of grandiloquent nonsense. In fact, Syria never seriously contemplated the severance of her connection with Turkey, from whom she only demanded good government. Being assured of obtaining this now, she may be expected to become one of the most loyal portions of the Empire. But the fact remains that Turkish Arabia is disaffected, and, notwithstanding the particularist tendencies of the Arab race, will eventually aspire to reunion with independent Arabia, as preferable to association with an alien people. On the other hand, Egypt, which already enjoys considerable autonomy, and whose prosperity and political potentialities are rapidly increasing, will strive to throw off Turkish influence if it exceeds the form of nominal suzerainty. The solution of the Arab-Egyptian problem, the most serious which confronts Turkish statesmen, seems to lie in the creation, in the fulness of time, of a dual monarchy on the Austro-Hungarian model, one half of which, with Constantinople as centre, would be composed of the Turkish, Armenian, Albanian, Greek, Bulgarian, Servian, and Kurdish elements occupying that part of the Empire which spreads to the north and west of a straight line drawn from Aleppo to the Persian frontier passing through Mossoul; and the other half of which, with Damascus as a centre, would comprise

the Arabic-speaking peoples of the Empire, which, by reason of the very distinct geographical grouping of these peoples, could be organized on the federal system, so as to spare the susceptibilities of Egypt, who, besides autonomy, possess a line of hereditary sovereigns of her own—the dynasty of Osman, still invested with the Khalifate to remain the supreme and binding head of both portions. No insuperable difficulties lie ahead of Turkey in this direction either.

Thus it will be seen that, so far as internal action is concerned, liberal

Nineteenth Century and After.

(*To be continued.*)

Turkey need not view the future with diffidence.

Some trouble there will probably be, at first, in Albania and Kurdistan, and later on the even course of the State may be considerably disturbed by Macedonian and Arabian intrigue. But, unless one or more of the Great Powers of Europe intervene to favor the separatist tendencies of some elements of the Empire, the latter will easily survive any commotion that may arise in its midst.

Alfred de Bilinski.

THE WELL OF ENGLISH DEFILED.

It was rumored, a short time ago, that a Society was in process of formation for maintaining the purity of the English language, and the dignity of English style; and, in due course, it was understood that the names of an imposing array of writers supporting the aims of the Society had been printed, though not published. But, since then, nothing more has been heard of the praiseworthy intention, and it can only be inferred that its promoters were baulked in their project by being offered the co-operation of writers, notorious enough in publishers' lists and the catalogues of circulating libraries, but the very offenders against the purity of language and lucidity of style for the upholding of which the Society had been conceived. The times proved to be out of joint for such an enterprise; and the Society, I conclude, lacked the moral courage to employ the means indispensable to its end. It is difficult to tell a popular and self-satisfied author whom you are continually meeting at dinner, at luncheon, or at the club, that he writes abominably.

That the evil against which the protest was to be directed does exist, will scarcely be denied by any one who accepts the dictum of Swift that "Proper words in their proper place is the definition of style." Words inappropriate or in the wrong place, though it would be hardly possible for such words to be in the right one, are much in favor just now, alike with readers, reviewers and critics. For this condition of things is any remedy possible? No direct remedy, as far as one can see. Spoken or written protest, made by no matter what number of serious authors, would be absolutely idle. The offenders are too well satisfied with themselves, and with the result of their labors, to be affected by the frowns of stately authority or appeals to tradition; and, while the bulk of readers would scarcely glance at the protest, critics and reviewers, for the most part, would make merry over it, as the *brutem fulmen* of a medley of classical prigs. Quite recently, one read in a well-known periodical, supposed to be devoted to the interests of Literature, a strikingly sound paper on

the fundamental function and limitations of prose, as compared with those of poetry. Yet one had scarcely digested this timely wisdom, before, in the self-same quarter, one was asked, with iterated and reiterated fervor, to fall down and worship a living instance of what was called supreme mastery over prose style, glaringly incompatible with the wholesome doctrine expounded in the preceding essay. The majority of readers are passive recipients to whatever they read in print, especially if it be printed in publications supposed to be influential; and illogical fervor, if fervent enough, is quickly contagious among the susceptible and receptive. Hence I do not doubt that, while the sound but quietly written essay is already forgotten, save by the person who wrote it and a few others who cordially agreed with it, the fervid admiration of anything but a good example of style that followed is gaining fresh converts every day, and will long retain them in that condition. Obviously, no help is to be looked for from reviewers or critical journals, when authors whose writing is the very reverse of lucid, and who consider themselves free to defile the well of English whenever it pleases them, are eulogized in language that would almost be excessive if applied to Gibbon, Goldsmith or Lamb.

It is rarely, if ever, that eccentricity in one of the arts is unaccompanied by a similar manifestation in the other arts, or that a confusion of the limitations of each of them is not at the same time being exhibited. I should say the mischief began when painting, modern painting at least, took precedence of literature in popular taste. In the hope, I suppose, of not being driven out of the field altogether, and in obedience to the perhaps unconscious instinct of self-preservation, several writers then began to write pictorially, and labored to be as picturesque as

pictures themselves. As a matter of fact, painting must always be under obligation to, and draw its inspiration from, literature, literature being the greatest, fullest, and most commanding of the arts. The pre-Raphaelite painters freely acknowledged the influence the poetry of Keats had exercised over them; and Tennyson, always instinctively abreast of the currents of his time, gradually wrote as pictorially as possible, though he had from the very outset shared in some degree with Keats the influence exercised by poetry over painting. No charge, however, could fairly be made against Tennyson for being too picturesque in his poetry. But, with writers of lower degree, and with prose writers on an extensive scale, the phenomenon of imitation was plainly discernible. No longer satisfied with "proper words in the proper place," they first filled their pages with patches of strong color, and ended by employing every strong epithet they could think of, appealing to the example of Ruskin, whom they only travestied, since Ruskin, as a rule, used color in his prose writings only to give natural expression to his thoughts or descriptions. Poets also, even genuine poets, betook themselves to writing prose of this highly colored character; and the critics rapidly followed suit, and gushed, as the phrase is, over the luscious result; both poet and critic forgetting that neither Wordsworth, nor Byron, nor Scott, nor Coleridge required or had recourse to so extraneous and foreign an auxiliary to decorate their prose. I remember John Addington Symonds, a few years before his death, saying that he greatly regretted having himself succumbed to the prevailing foible among prose writers, naming one well-known author whom he warmly commended for having uniformly resisted it.

The picturesque mode of writing has by no means passed away; and the

paint-pot still stands side by side with the inkstand on the writing-table of only too many authors. But another of the arts has more recently competed with painting for the mischievous privilege of spoiling the prose writings of the time. Painting is less intellectual and more sensuous than literature, and accordingly was welcomed as an ally by an age too indolent or too busy to be intellectual, but not too lazy or too much occupied to be sensuous. Music is yet more sensuous and emotional than painting; and the two have operated jointly in vitiating the prose writing of—what a word!—our “stylists.” Over the writing-tables of such authors should be prominently displayed the words of Vauvenargues:

Pour savoir si une pensée est nouvelle, il n'y a qu'à l'exprimer bien simplement.

(In order to know if a thought is new, one has only to express it quite simply.)

What is this but to say the same thing, and to propound the same standard concerning good style in writing, as Swift, in the words already cited from him.

To these quotations may perhaps be usefully added here what Nietzsche says in one of his intermittent moments of lucidity:

The misfortune of lucid writers is that people think them superficial, and consequently take no trouble in reading them; while the chance for obscure writers is that the reader has to labor hard in order to understand them, and credits them with contributing the pleasure he derives from his own dillgence.

A reader of to-day must have a restricted field of book-perusal, who would have any difficulty in naming some prominent and much lauded authors, whom the above “cap” would fit exactly.

Whenever a perversion of sound taste becomes general, a phrase is invariably invented to justify it, and to render it still more popular; and the crowd readily echo and adopt it, humbly assuming that, since it is used by persons supposed to have some mark of superiority, it embodies a legitimate thought. Hence the catch phrases “word-painting” and “prose-poetry” that have been current of late years, and that have done so much to lead the conclusions of the average reader astray. It is not the business of words to paint, any more than it is the office of paint to speak, or to write. “Word-painting” is an expression invented to excuse, intended to extol, a thoroughly bad style of writing, and would have shocked Greek or Roman prose-writers, have excited the astonishment of Thucydides, amazed Livy or Seneca, and moved Tacitus to disdain. It would have been repudiated by Addison, satirized by Steele, and dismissed in an epigram by Gibbon. It is nothing more than the name for bastard writing and a mongrel style.

“Prose-poetry” has been equally current in the literary and critical jargon of the time. How can there possibly be such a thing as prose-poetry? It is just as impossible as white-black or left-right. There can be poetic prose, and there can be prosaic verse; but that is a totally different matter. Yet, partly from a desire to seem to be original and say something new, though it has long ceased to seem the one or to be the other, people, seeing in the elegant phraseology of the day, that it “caught on,” adopted it; and many of them apparently imagine that, in using it, they are saying something original, though what was spurious coinage at first, has long since lost the external face-polish that coins, whether spurious or sound, commonly wear when they are first issued from the mint. The amount of bad prose that

has been written, and admired, during the last few years, under the patronage of the phrases "prose-poetry" and "prose-poems," is enormous. But their number is no justification of them; though no doubt it is true that what a great Latin classic says, "Quod multis peccatur inultum est"—"What is done by everybody escapes reprobation," and has hardened them in their mud-dying of the well of English undefiled. Into the well out of which we have all drunk they unremorsefully cast mud and rubbish snatched up from the roadside.

One wonders sometimes whether the perpetrators of these offences against good writing and good sense have ever read, or even heard of Lessing's *Laocoon*, and wishes they could be compelled to read it from the first word to the last. In it they would learn that each of the arts has its limitations and its special function; that it is not the function of Literature to paint, nor of Painting to write; and that Architecture, Sculpture and Music are subject to the same law. All these Arts can co-operate and assist each other, but only by each of them preserving its individuality and maintaining its dignity.

It would not be either fair or accurate to abstain from adding that there are living writers both of poetry and prose against whom the charge of defiling the English language and outraging English style could not in the smallest degree be urged. But one never hears them cited as supreme masters of English prose or verse. That distinction, such as it is, is assigned to writers who "o'erdo Terma-gant," "out-Herod Herod," and "tear a passion to tatters." It would be inviolous to name good writers still with us, and equally so to name living ones who are the most conspicuous offenders against really good writing. One must therefore appeal to the long line

of dead authors the excellence of whose prose style has never been contested; such as Addison, Steele, Sterne, Smollett, Gibbon, Leigh Hunt, de Quincey, Newman, Ruskin (with certain reservations), Matthew Arnold; all of whom managed to express their thoughts without posturing and attitudinizing, but in the "simple and sincere" manner which even the sublime Milton affirms must pervade all good writing, whether poetry or prose. That Shakespeare was of the same opinion is obvious to any one who understands the directions of Hamlet to the players; for the same law holds good even more strongly in writing than in acting. Hamlet tells the players of a speech he had once heard that was "excellent," adding "one said there was 'no sallet' in it to make it savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation," but "an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine." When Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, or Shelley, wrote prose, they gave their readers no "word-painting," and no "prose-poetry," but what it professed to be, good, honest, straightforward prose, forcible, and full of matter, but lucid and unaffected. Let all those who, scornful of passing plaudits, write either verse or prose, do likewise, though they will assuredly not be hailed in leading articles as "the greatest living masters of English prose-style." Such a phrase, when applied to authors who, whether men of genius or not, habitually write obscurely and with deliberate eccentricity, is an outrage on the well of English undefiled.

The decay of familiarity with Greek and Latin has probably had much to do with the deterioration of style in many English authors of to-day; and the emancipation of the individual from the trammels of authority, advantageous, perhaps, in some respects, alike for the individual and society,

which set in with the French Revolution, has, likewise, largely ministered to the mischief. Already, even in George Sand's time, it was growing in French letters, since we find her saying, "Soyez correct; c'est plus rare que d'être eccentric. Plaire par le mauvais gout est devenu plus commun que de recevoir la croix d'honneur." Yet the sense of form, so lamentably absent from the great qualities of our own race, is far from extinct in France, which makes one wish that English writers, practically ignorant of the dead languages, could be compelled to read nothing but French prose for a certain number of years. Then, perhaps, our eccentric tumblers and acrobats in writing would, as Shakespeare says, "learu that honorable stop, not to outsport discretion."

One of the greatest prose writers of antiquity has used the phrase, in describing a good style, *Clarescit urendo* —that is to say, the greater writers brighten as they burn. The so-called masters of style to-day are distressingly, and avowedly, fuliginous.

One can hardly do better than close one's remarks with examples of good prose style, so that one's meaning may be made yet more clear. One of the marks of a good style is the ease with which it lends itself to translation into another tongue. Many of my readers will be familiar with the final passage of the *Life of Agricola*, his father-in-law, by Tacitus, in the original. But to many it will be inaccessible in the Latin tongue. This is how it surrenders itself to our own language:

If there be any habitation for the spirits of just men, if, as the philosophers aver, great souls perish not along with the bodily life, mayst thou rest in peace, and recall us, who were dear to thee, away from weak regrets and womanish tears back to the thought of thy virtues, which are no subject for sorrow or for sighing! Not with the

fleeting breath of praise would we do thee honor, but with life-long admiration, and the effort, if strength be given us, to emulate thee. Thus shall each man that is of thy kin do thee truest service and prove his piety. To thy widow and thy daughter I would say this: Keep sacred the memory of the husband and the father by pondering all that he said or did, each of you in your heart; and let the lineaments and the expression of his character rather than of his person be enshrined there. Not that I would say aught against the portraits that are fashioned of marble or of bronze; but these material things are as much subject to the law of decay and death as the features they represent; the soul's image is imperishable, and that you may embody and express not in gross matter, by the craftsman's hand, but in the spiritual nature of your inmost self. All of Agricola that we loved, all that we admired, abides and will abide in the hearts of men, in the endless course of time, in the pages of fame. Many a hero of old has gone down into oblivion like the common herd: the story of Agricola has been transmitted to those who come after, and he shall live.

The same test may be applied to the translation by Jowett of the Funeral Oration delivered by Pericles over the Athenians who fell in a great and glorious war. Of original examples in our tongue, Newman offers innumerable instances, whether in his inquiry, *What is Literature?* or in others of his faultless works. The essay of Addison on Westminster Abbey may always be read with pleasure and advantage. To turn to such is to find refreshment for the mind and solace for good taste, and serves to protect a discriminating reader against the eccentricities and self-conscious attitudinizing of too many living writers and their amazing eulogists, who surely must know that the "eccentrics" in literature have never been assigned a lasting place in it, except as eccentrics and curiosities. Eccentricity, which is

a form of spurious originality, is so easy. But, as Horace said long ago,

"Difficile est proprie communia dicere,"

The National Review.

which is true of the common and the uncommon alike.

Academicus.

"SALLY": A STUDY.*

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.

I.

"Dive? I should think so!" said his host to Jack Norris. "You just watch the little beggar dive!"

It was early morning, and the two men were stripping for a swim on board one of the big house-boats which lie eternally at their moorings on the right bank of the river near Thames Ditton. The place was littered with sweaters, towels, flannels, boat-cushions, books, newspapers, pipes, and the varied accumulations of rubbish such as only a house-boat full of bachelors can collect when it lacks even the feminine influence of a charwoman. Without, seen through the wide oblong windows, the tawny waters ran cool and inviting under the glad sunshine of a bright summer morning. From a spring-board rigged in the bows men from time to time took running headers: in the middle of the narrow fairway five or six heads were bobbing, while arms and legs in number to correspond splashed gallantly. The cheery clamor of the bathers carried far over the water.

Presently another head broke through the surface of the river some twenty yards up-stream,—a head to which the wet hair clung sleek and black as the fur of an otter,—and from it came a cry of defiance, the tone of which was somehow strangely familiar as it smote upon Jack Norris's ears.

* Hugh Clifford's striking story "Saleh," recently published in Blackwood's Magazine, is a sequel to "Sally: A Study," which appeared in the same magazine in 1903-4. The two are so closely connected that it has seemed best to reprint the first, which perplexed many readers, when first published, by its apparent

The swimmers answered the challenge with discordant chorus, and began to splash up against the current, with straining arms and legs, in the direction of the man who had uttered it. The latter waited until his pursuers had nearly surrounded him, were almost upon him, and then dived neatly, leaving barely so much as a ripple behind him. Two or three men went down headlong in pursuit, to reappear in a minute or so baffled and panting. A moment later, first one and then another were drawn under, with gurgles and splutterings of protest, by an invisible hand that had gripped them by the heels. With renewed splutterings each in turn came to the surface, laughing and shouting, breathing forth threats of instant retribution. Dashing the water from their eyes, they looked around, vainly seeking for some sign of their antagonist's whereabouts, calling upon him by name the while with humorous mock-wrath.

"Sally!" they cried. "Sally, you young ruffian! Sally! Sally! Sally, you villain! We'll pay you out properly when we catch you!"

Again the head, with its close covering of straight limp hair, came to the surface, far down river this time, and well out of the reach of its pursuers. Again that queer challenging cry came from it, and set Norris tingling with

incompleteness. "Saleh" will follow. Less, perhaps, as fiction than as a study by one who has had the best opportunities for observing, "Sally" and "Saleh" are dramatic representations of the effect of western civilization upon Oriental character.—*EDITOR OF THE LIVING AGE.*

old memories suddenly awakened.

"Why, he is a Malay!" he exclaimed.

"No one but a Malay ever used that lilting whoop. It is the *sôrak*—their war-cry!"

"Of course he is a Malay," said the part-owner of the house-boat. "He is Sally, you know—a Malay boss of sorts. We all knew him when we were at Winchester. He is being educated in England privately, not at the school; but he is an awfully decent little chap, and was very pally with a lot of us."

Jack Norris stepped out on to the bows, and stood for a minute in his bathing-pants looking across the river. The Englishmen had abandoned the hopeless chase, and the little Malay was swimming back to them, breasting the current with the unmistakable long overhand stroke of his people. The sight, and the echo of the cry which still rang in his ears, brought back to Norris suddenly the memory of many a swim in the glorious rivers of the Malay Peninsula; and for a space the banks around him, with their fringe of moored house-boats and floating stages, the trim tow-path opposite skirting the tall brick wall, and the great shapeless pile of Hampton Court Palace, its windowpanes winking in the sunlight, its ruddy bulk surmounted by grotesque chimney-stacks, picked out with white masonry and set with grinning gargoyles, were rolled back. He seemed once more to be standing on the beak of a Malayan *prâhu*, with an olive-green tide of waters surging past him and spreading away and away to the marvellous tangles of forest that stood, more than half a mile apart, hedging the river on either flank. Then he braced himself and took a header from the bow, and the chill of the English stream smote him with a shock of surprise, for so complete had been the momentary illusion that he had expected

to be greeted by the tepid waters of the East.

When he rose to the surface he found himself close to the man they called "Sally." His face—the boyish, hairless face of a young Malay—was turned towards him. The great, black, velvety, melancholy eyes of his race looked at Norris from their place in the flawless, olive-tinted skin in which they were set. The mouth, somewhat full, with mobile sensitive lips that pouted slightly, had just that sweetness of expression that is most often seen in the face of a little child. The features were clean-cut, delicate, giving promise of more adaptability than strength of character: the whole effect was pretty and pleasing, for this was a Malay of rank and breeding, the offspring of men who for uncounted generations have had the fairest women of their land to wife.

Mechanically Norris spoke in the vernacular.

"What is the news?" he asked, using the conventional greeting.

"*Khabar baik!* The news is good!" the Malay answered, speaking the words from sheer force of habit, and he eyed Norris curiously with evident surprise. Then his face lighted up with a gleam of recognition, and his lips, parting in a grin, disclosed two even rows of beautiful white teeth,—teeth such as belong by right to every Malay, did not the inexplicable fashion of this people order them to be mutilated with the stone-file and blackened by indelible pigment.

"*Ya Allah, Tuan Nori!* It is thou!" he exclaimed.

The word or two of the vernacular, to which he added the popular mispronunciation of Jack's name, slipped from him unconsciously. An instant later he corrected himself.

"Do you remember me?" he asked in English. "I am Râja Saleh of Pelesu. I met you las' at Kâru."

He spoke his acquired language fluently, but with a strong foreign intonation, lengthening the flat English vowels and eliding the last of two final consonants. His words unlocked a forgotten chamber of Jack's memory, and at once the boy himself, his identity, his circumstances, and all connected with him, were made so clear that Norris fell to wondering how it had come to pass that, even for a moment, he had failed to recognize him. Immediately the Englishman and the Malay were busy interchanging news, the former chatting volubly of men and places with strange names, that surely had never before been spoken on the bosom of the ancient Thames, the latter listening and replying, but with a certain indifference and aloofness that were curious. Once more, from force of habit, Norris spoke in the vernacular. Using the Malayan idiom like his own mother tongue, he had never yet met a native who did not prefer to converse with him in that language, or who was completely at his best when employing the white man's speech. The foreign tongue seems in some subtle fashion to emphasize defects in taste and character which the more familiar vernacular mercifully hides. Iang-ulla Raja Muhammad Saleh bin Iang-Maha-Mulla Sultan Abubakar Maiitham Shah Iang-di-per-Tuan Pelesu, however,—to give his full title to the youth who was known to his English friends by the undistinguished name of "Sally,"—had not heard Malay spoken for years, and he seemed now to shy away from it, as though it were not only unfamiliar, but also, in some sort, distressing to him. It was only at a much later period of their intercourse that Saleh came back to his Malayan tongue, and found in it the only medium of expression with which to convey to Jack an understanding of the feelings that were in his heart.

Now, as the bathers dressed themselves on board the house-boat,—Saleh standing amongst them all in complete unconsciousness of the nakedness which would have outraged the sense of decency of the meanest of his subjects,—Jack was busy piecing together all that he could recollect concerning his past meetings with the lad. So again the familiar surroundings of the home-land faded, and were replaced by scenes that he had looked upon, lived through, years before, and thousands of miles away, on the banks of a mighty Malayan river.

II.

They rose up singly,—these scattered memories of incidents in which Saleh had played a part,—lingered for a moment, and were gone; for the mind, when it wanders in retrospect, knows no trammels of space or time, and, flashing hither and thither at will, throws sudden gleams into the dark places with all the speed and the vividness of lightning. Thus, as in silence Norris dressed himself amid the hum of talk on board the house-boat, the trivial happenings of nearly a score of years were reviewed in less than half as many minutes, each picture rising before him clear-cut and complete to the last detail, glimmering for an instant ere it vanished to give room to another—just as a view cast by a magic-lantern leaps whole and sudden out of the darkness, burns its impression upon our eyesight, and in a flash is blotted out.

Three big wooden houses, raised on piles above the untidy litter of a compound, connected each to each by narrow gangways roofed and walled; three high-pitched pyramids of thatch, the dried palm-leaves rustling and lifting under the full beat of the noontide sun; a big brown river rolling by, with a dull murmur of sound, beyond the

ten-foot fence of wattled bamboos which encloses in its lop-sided square this palace of a native king. In the central house Jack Norris squats cross-legged, surrounded by a mob of expectant Malays of both sexes. The great barn-like apartment is bare, save for the *mengkuang*-palm mats spread upon the floor; and the bellying squares of ceiling-patchwork sagging from the rafters overhead, whence, near the center of the room, a big hammock also depends, swaying gently to and fro. Above the hammock, in dingy contrast to glaring patterns of the Manchester ceiling-cloths, an old casting-net, whereof the soiled and rent meshes prove that it has seen much service, hangs in an uneven oblong. It is a barrier raised against the assaults of the *Pen-anggal*—the Undone One—that fearful wraith of a woman who has died in child-birth, and who cherishes for ever a quenchless enmity towards little children. She, poor wretch, wrenched terribly in twain, is doomed to flit eternally through the night,—a dreadful shape with agonized woman's face, full breasts, and nought beside save only certain awful bloodstained streamers,—bringing a curse of destruction wherever she can win an entry. But the gods, who suffer such things to be, mercifully ordain that her onslaughts upon defenceless babes can only be made from above, and a discarded casting-net dipped in magic-water, it is well known, will often stay and baffle her. Yet even now, perchance, she may be lurking, unseen by impotent human eyes, in the hammock itself, wherefore due precaution must be taken ere the royal baby can be safely laid to rest therein.

As the crowd sits watching, a grim figure strides into the centre of the room. It is that of an aged woman, tall, erect, with a fierce mouth, wild eyes, and a tumble of shaggy elf-locks making an unsightly halo about her

lean face, a woman dressed in the male costume of a Malay warrior. It is Rāja Anjang—the witch of the blood royal—and at her coming a little wave of tremor ripples over the faces of the Malay onlookers. She is in a condition of trance—possessed by her familiar demons: those unseeing eyes and every rigid muscle in her big angular frame bear witness to her uncanny state, and no man knows with certainty what will befall while this inspired beldam fills the stage. She wanders round and round the hammock, moving with long masculine strides, muttering fearfully words of a forgotten language which none save the wizards know; and her elf-locks, stirring restlessly, seem to be lifted by winds which should have no place in that still atmosphere. Then stooping, she seizes suddenly upon a reluctant cat, which the onlookers thrust within her reach, and clutches the miauling creature to her flat breasts with merciless grip. A chorus of minor witches squatting on her right breaks into a wild chant of incantation, while the devil-drums sob and pant in time to the rhythm of the dirge. With her disengaged hand Rāja Anjang seizes the cord of the hammock and sets it swinging in time to the chant, which grows momentarily wilder and wilder. The women who form the chorus are rocking themselves backward and forward in a kind of hysteria of excitement; the hands that smite the drums are raised between each stroke high in the air with fingers wriggling rapidly in frantic gesticulation; the hair and the garments of the hag by the hammock are agitated anew, as though those unearthly breezes, which are yet unfelt by the spectators, were raging mightily. When the weird song is at its shrillest the cat is dropped into the sag of the hammock, whence it scrambles quickly on to the mat-covered floor. It is promptly recaptured by those nearest

to it, and the witch pounces upon it with the spring of a tigress. Again, and yet a third time, the unhappy beast is clutched to that comfortless bosom, is dropped into the hammock, and at the last is suffered to make its escape, spitting and scratching with bared claws and humped back. A wild cry goes up from the mouths of all the Malays present, and is succeeded by a heavy silence. The witch sinks to the floor in a shapeless bundle, sweating profusely, and rocks to and fro with smothered moans and cries. Her struggle with the ghastly *Pen-anggal* has left her utterly spent. The close atmosphere of the room is heavy with the reek of incense.

A little pause ensues, the stillness of which is tense with the recent excitement, and then from the inner apartment a huddled procession of women makes its way, headed by the king himself, a great rolling figure clad in glaring colors. One of the women carries a tiny burden swaddled in cloth-of-gold, the upper folds of which being presently drawn aside reveal the existence of a minute head. With much state and ceremony the crown of this head is solemnly shaved, the invisible fluff shorn from it being reverently treasured, and when this operation has been performed, the baby is at last placed in the hammock, whence all evil spirits have now departed for their new abode in the body of the miserable cat.

A priest in a green *jubah* and ample red turban, who has sat complacently watching the magic practices which are an abomination to the Prophet's Law, stands erect and recites a rolling Arable prayer with breathless fluency, his audience sitting with hands on knees and curved palms uppermost, chiming in at intervals with long "Amns!"

Then the spectators rise to their feet, and each in turn files past the hammock, and looks down at the child as

he drops a dollar or two into a basket placed convenient for the purpose. Jack Norris, as he stands gazing down at the infant, sees a small brick-red disk, with a slack, slowly moving mouth, a shapeless button of a nose, a skin all crumpled with puckers, and two big dull eyes made grotesque by enormous arched eyebrows traced with soot upon the wrinkled forehead. The rest of the baby is immobile in its lashing of swaddling-clothes, and is imbedded deeply in a nest of gorgeous Malayan silks.

It is thus that Jack gets his first glimpse of the boy whom his English friends call "Sally."

It is late at night in the audience hall of the king,—a big bare room without ornament or furniture,—and the monarch, nude to the waist, is squatting on a mat beside a Chinese gambling-cloth. Around him sit a number of his courtiers, and facing him are two yellow Chinamen in loose coats and trousers of shining black linen. In the centre of the cloth there rests a little square box made of dull brass, and presently, at a sign from the king, one of the courtiers begins to draw upward with maddening slowness the outer cover, which fits very closely over the inner box. A dead silence reigns while all eyes are riveted upon the dice-box and the hand that lifts its cover. Little by little, a fraction of an inch at a time, the outer box is raised, the narrower column of brass within it being disclosed more and more, standing squarely on the mat. At last the cover is free of that which it has encased, and more slowly than ever the courtier proceeds to twist it round in such a fashion that presently a corner of the hidden die will be made visible. The gamblers are leaning forward now with straining eyes; they draw their breaths pantingly; and still the hand gripping the

dice-box moves with incredible slowness. The notes and dollars are piled in little heaps all in one quarter of the mat. The obsequious courtiers have followed the inspiration of their king.

There is another second or two of tense excitement and expectation, and then a shout is raised,—a shout which is discordant and angry, tingling with passionate disappointment—a shout with which are blent imprecations and fierce ejaculations of disgust—a shout which ends in a sound like a sob. The king's inspiration has failed him, and he and his courtiers, in consequence, are the poorer by many good silver dollars. It is the last *coup* of a disastrous evening, and the king, who is a prudent soul withal, will have no more of it. The Chinamen gather up their gaming-gear and their winnings, and depart into the night. Their unemotional faces—faces "like wooden planks," as the Malay idiom has it—betray no consciousness of the obvious hatred which they inspire. They are quite indifferent to it, for the money is duly pouched, and they know that the justice-loving British Government, in the person of the Resident, sits mighty and impassive on the river's farther bank, and takes thought even for the property and the lives of the despised yellow man. A little naked boy, who has been sleeping fitfully with his head pillowed on a courtier's knee, rouses himself, puts on an enormous orange-colored cap a size too large for him (his only garment), lights a cigarette, and sits listening gravely to the hum of talk about him,—talk of all that might have been had chance proved less fickle. He is Raja Saleh, the king's baby son.

Jack Norris, who has been watching the play with such patience as he can command, sees that his time has come at last. He has visited the palace in order to have speech with the king concerning some of that shameless

monarch's most glaring misdemeanors,—matters connected with an abducted wife, an aggrieved husband, and a pack of motherless bairns—a squalid tragedy, in which the king has played the part of an ignoble Mephistopheles. The culprit is curiously insensitive. His feelings, overlaid by many strata of ruffianism and self-content, are things which have to be dug for. He knows now what has brought Norris to his hall, but he evinces no desire that the humiliating discussion about to take place should be conducted in private. In a sense he is somewhat proud of his achievement, for it is not every man of his years who can be such a devastating *roué* as he, and he enters with gusto into a lurid account of his indiscretions, making display of an unfettered coarseness of speech and thought, while the little angel-faced boy, his son, sits at his side looking preternaturally wise. It is not the first time that the child has been privileged to listen to an exposition of his father's crude notions concerning morality and seemliness of conduct. It is Jack, not the king or his people, who is irked by the boy's presence, and finds the ugly discussion doubly degrading while those big sad eyes are fixed upon him. To the Malays the innocence of childhood makes no appeal: to them there is nothing incongruous in the subject of the talk and its baby audience. But duty may not be shirked; the matter must be threshed out, and before such listeners as the king may select; wherefore ignoble passions, and the wanton cruelties born of them, are freely canvassed for an hour or more. The discussion, as all who take part in it know well, is only a form, but it is deemed to be necessary in order to salve the royal self-esteem and render possible the king's inevitable surrender to a power greater than his own.

When at last the end is reached,

sweetmeats of unspeakable nastiness are served, the king, little Rāja Saleh, and Norris eating from the same tray, while the courtiers range themselves around others in the order of their precedence and rank. The child pecks at the unwholesome stuff with the *blase* indifference bred of long familiarity and the absence of any attempt to restrain his appetites, and all the while his grave looks are fixed upon the white man.

"Why dost thou not wear a hat, Tūan?" he inquires suddenly, gazing with open disapproval at Norris's bare head.

"I follow my custom, little one."

"And thou wearest boots—even in the King's hall!"

"That too is my custom; moreover, it prevents my feet from being bruised by stones on the way."

"I wore boots once, Tūan," says the child proudly. "Shoes of gold cunningly fashioned. That was on the day when for the first time I trod upon the earth. There was a great feast that day because of my boots."

"Men do not think it necessary to feast whenever I put on my boots, nor can I afford to have them fashioned of gold. Did they hurt thy feet, little brother?"

"Yes," says the child thoughtfully. "They hurt me sore; but, Tūan, they were beautiful to behold. Do thy boots hurt thee?"

"No, my boots are soft and comfortable. Thou shouldest wear boots like mine, little one."

"So will I. Thou, Tūan, are doubtless wealthy. Thou shalt send to Singapura and purchase boots for me. Thou wilt send, wilt thou not, Tūan, for I desire greatly to possess them?" He drops his little head on one side with so insinuating an air that he is altogether irresistible.

"Thou shalt have thy boots, little one, never fear," says Jack.

"Listen, you people," cries the child exultantly to the assembled courtiers. "The Tūan is sending to Singapura to purchase boots for me, stout leather boots, yellow and comely. Armed with them, how gallantly shall I kick! O Ma! there'll be many children with sore stomachs in the king's compound the day I don them!" and he laughs in joyful anticipation.

"There is no need to teach young tiger-cubs how to use their claws," says an old man admiringly, quoting a native proverb, and the king leads the laughter.

"If thou makest any such use of thy boots thou shalt lose them," says Norris; "and now I must take my leave of the king."

"And wilt thou take the woman with thee?" inquires the child. "That will surely anger my father. When I am big I will take all the women I choose and use them villainously—ay, and keep them too, if so I wish!"

"There is no need to teach young tiger-whelps how to prey!" cackles the old man again, and once more it is the king who leads the applause.

Other pictures flit across Norris's memory. Days upon the river with boat and casting-net, or when the natives of the countryside muster to help drag the great *relap*-cord downstream for miles, driving shoals of frightened fish before it, to be caught at last in cunning mazes of bamboo stakes. Days in the fruit orchards, when all the court goes a-picnicking, and the boys gather in little groups to feast glutonously while they talk knowingly of war and daggers and women. Days in the jungle, when the king and his people go forth to gather flowers, mounted on huge clay-colored elephants. And in every picture Saleh fills a space, always gaily clad in delicate silks; always having as his right the best of everything

that is going; always pampered and petted, flattered and adulated; always taught that his whims are above aught else, that his desires are given him to satisfy, not to restrain; always applauded most loudly for his naughtiest deeds and sayings.

Then the recollection recurs of a day in the palace cock-pit when Saleh's bird is mishandled by its *juâra*—its keeper—and the young prince in a fury of anger seizes a billet of wood which chances to be lying near at hand, and deals the culprit a sounding blow on the head. There is, unknown to Saleh, a long rusty nail in the billet, and the *juâra* is carried away, a limp burden, with blood streaming down a face gone suddenly gray beneath the brown skin. When Norris comes upon the scene the little râja is weeping passionately in a paroxysm of grief and self-hatred, which in his father's eyes is unmanly, and far more reprehensible than the crime which is its occasion.

The memory of a later day comes next—the day which is the end of childhood for Râja Saleh. There has been much feasting and high revelry for weeks in the palace on the river's bank, culminating in rude horse-play on the yellow sandbank below the high fence, when all the world has been unmercifully souised with water, so that the gorgeous silk raiment of the feast-ers is drenched and ruined. Late that afternoon little Saleh is circumcised by the palace *mûdin*, and so enters at last upon man's estate. Immediately on his recovery he should celebrate his emancipation, according to the custom of his people, by taking to himself a wife, or at any rate a concubine or two; but this lad, born and bred up in the villainous atmosphere of a Malayan court, has come into the world in an age of many changes. Hitherto the presence of the white men in the land has affected him but little, but now the alien folk step in and demand

to have a hand in the ordering of his destiny. A year or two earlier, when the future seemed still so distant that pledges given concerning it could not affect the comfort of the present, the king had consented to the lad being sent to Europe to be educated. Now he repents him of this promise bitterly; but the Resident stands firm, and in spite of the tears of the boy himself and the frantic ravings of the palace-women, he will not suffer the word once passed to be recalled.

It is a forlorn little figure that stands on the deck of the P. & O. steamer which has just slipped its moorings from the wharf at Singapore, with the keening of the knot of Malays which has come to bid him God-speed wailing in his ears, and with no friend in all the world save the European officer who is to see him safely to his destination. He is bound for that mysterious country concerning which nought is known save that it lies somewhere in that vague quarter which is called "above the wind." The ship moves away with an impassivity, a calmness at once cruel and inexorable. The boy feels himself to be a thing of torn and bleeding roots, plucked wantonly from the soil in which they have won a hold. The consciousness of his helplessness, his impotence, crushes him; he watches his fatherland being drawn away and away from him with eyes wide with despair. What time, in the palace on the banks of the great river,—the palace made suddenly so very empty,—a woman weeps and laments with tears frantic and unrestrained, throwing herself prone upon her sleeping-mat, biting at the flock pillows, and tearing her hair savagely, because her son has been taken from her by the infidels. His going robs her of the sole love of her dreary life, slips the last tie that binds her to her lord and master, who has long treated her with neglect, and has lavished his smiles

and his gifts upon younger and fairer rivals. How vast a work of kindness and of love must the white men do, in exile and bitter travail, to win enough

of gratitude, from those they rule and serve, to outweigh the hatred they have inspired in that one broken woman's heart!

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(To be continued.)

TOLSTOY AND THE TOLSTOYANS.

An international movement has been started for the purpose of paying solemn collective homage to Count Tolstoy—as much homage as he can be induced to accept—on his attainment of his eightieth birthday. And the question naturally arises: Why?

It is not a captious question, but the bald, unembellished statement of a problem. It implies no criticism of Tolstoy's eminence as a novelist, for it is not in the capacity of novelist that it is proposed to do him reverence. He stands before the world at the present time as a teacher—as that and nothing else, unless it be as a pattern and example of the way to live. The merits of his novels have only an indirect bearing upon his reputation. They gained him his public, but they do not contain his message. At the most they only foreshadow it, as we are taught that the Old Testament foreshadows the New. And, by common consent, the message is "the thing." Tolstoy says so, and the Tolstoyans agree with him. The novels are only important to them in so far as they lead up to the message, which is mainly propounded in tracts. The following of Tolstoy is for them not a literary enthusiasm, but a religion. They have evolved, as it were, from admirers to worshippers.

A typical instance of the evolution may be found in the case of Mr. Ernest Howard Crosby, the chief of the American disciples. When Mr. Crosby read *Anna Karenina*, he was "duly impressed by it"—and that was all. It was when

he read the tract *On Vicious Pleasures* that the change of heart began. The perusal of this work caused him to "stop smoking for three or four days"—a first step in asceticism which, he says, cost him a good deal. He next bought the tract *On Life*, and, having studied it, was impelled to a further act of self-denial. Feeling that he had "risen to a loftier plane," he went out into the garden and gave half a piastre to a small boy who was playing there. It was, we gather, his first experience in philanthropy. "No act of mine," he writes, "had ever given me so much pleasure"; and thereafter there was no looking back. Mr. Crosby purchased all the other tracts as they appeared, and went on from grace to grace until he finally wrote the work on *Tolstoy and his Message*, which was published by the Simple Life Press in 1903. He had come to regard Tolstoy, that is to say, not as an artist, but as a teacher; and that is the general note of the Tolstoyans.

It would be a most natural and proper note for them to strike if they really believed in the teaching. But they do not believe in it—that is the weak point in their position. Some of them believe more than others; but nobody—or nobody who counts—believes the whole of it. The only consistent and thorough-going Tolstoyans are those French conscripts who now and again incur disciplinary punishments by refusing to practise at the rifle ranges, and who figure before the world as dupes rather than as dis-

ples. The professional exponents of the doctrine are always hedging, and qualifying, explaining some dogmas away, and making excuses for others. Even Mr. Crosby, whose enthusiasm is exuberant, and who writes that "the world has never looked to be quite as it used to" since the day when he gave away half a piastre under Tolstoyan influences, expounds after that halting fashion. He criticises the method by which Tolstoy arrives at his conclusions, and he criticises the conclusions when arrived at. He does it quite nicely, like a sick nurse arguing with an eccentric mental patient. Perhaps he could hardly do otherwise, seeing that the methods are obviously unsound, and some at least of the conclusions are obviously absurd. But the fact remains that, if Mr. Crosby be taken as a typical Tolstoyan, then we are entitled to define Tolstoyans as "people who do not quite agree with Tolstoy."

Tolstoyans may reply, perhaps, that they have as much right to read their own meaning into the sayings of Tolstoy as Christians have to read their own meaning into the sayings of Christ; but the analogy is not fair. The sayings of Christ come to us only at second or third hand, in a language different from that in which they were delivered. They may have been incorrectly reported; their significance may be conditioned by local and special circumstances which we do not fully understand. The critics have a legitimate field for conjecture and speculation. It is perfectly natural that they should fail to agree in their answers to the question: What is Christianity?—perfectly natural that the Bishop of London and the Reverend R. J. Campbell, for instance, should both contend that Christ meant what they mean, though their respective meanings are as the poles apart. The problem is one from which the personal equation can-

not be eliminated. In the interpretation of Tolstoy, however, the personality of the interpreter has no part to play. Tolstoy himself is there to explain, and he spends most of his time in explaining.

He explains, it is true, that his doctrine is a kind of Christianity; and the explanation has been rather widely accepted. That view of his teaching was indubitably at the back of the roar of indignation that arose when the heads of the Greek Church excommunicated him. On the part of so good and great a man, it was argued, a little divergence from orthodoxy should have been tolerated. Perhaps it should; but it may be as well, before definitely committing ourselves to the opinion, to ascertain how far Tolstoy's divergence from orthodoxy extends. We may do this by reading two of the most recent tracts, the *Appeal to the Clergy* and *The Overthrow of Hell and Its Restoration*.

The latter pamphlet is an allegory in which the Devil is represented as "arranging" the miracles, "inventing" the Church, and "suggesting" the sacraments. The former denounces, in plain and simple language, almost every doctrine that any branch of the Christian Church has ever taught.

First of all it is the Bible that Tolstoy dismisses with scorn:—

We speak of harmful books! but does there exist in the Christian world a book that has done more harm to men than this dreadful book called *The Scripture History of the Old and New Testaments*?

Then follows the assault upon what are commonly called "the Christian mysteries":—

If the Trinity, the immaculate conception, the redemption of the human race by the blood of Jesus, are possible, then everything is possible, and the demands of reason are not obligatory. If you insert a wedge between

the boards of a partition in a granary, then, however much grain you may pour into that section, it will not hold. In the same way, when the wedge of the Trinity, or of God having become man and saving the human race by His sufferings, and then again flying into the skies, has been knocked into a mind, then that mind cannot retain any rational or steadfast life conception.

Finally, the sacraments are spoken of in what may fairly be described as the language of vulgar abuse:—

"They teach that if one puts a few scraps of bread into some wine and pronounces certain words over these scraps, then the bread becomes flesh and the wine blood, and that to eat this bread and drink this wine is very profitable for the salvation of one's soul. People believe in this and sanguinely eat this sop, and when they fall into our hands they are astonished that the sop has not helped them," concluded the devil in the cape, and turning up his eyeballs, he grinned from ear to ear.

"This is very good," said Beelzebub and smiled, and all the devils joined in roars of laughter.

One could easily quote more; but that suffices. Our question concerning it is not Is it right? but Is it Christianity? Obviously it is not, except on the assumption that contrary propositions are identical, or that Christianity means anything to which anybody chooses to apply the name; and the teaching of Tolstoy, on its destructive side, differs very little, if it differs at all, from the teaching of Charles Bradlaugh.

Nor is it true to say that Tolstoyism is derived from Christianity by any logical, or even plausible, process of deduction. The Tolstoyans—or some of them—make a great point of the fact that Tolstoy learnt Greek and Hebrew in order that he might read the oracles of God in the original. For any use, worthy of the respect of

logicians, that he has made of his knowledge, he might just as well have left the languages unlearnt, and the oracles themselves unread. "There are some drawbacks," says Mr. Crosby, naïvely, "in his methods. For instance, when he does not like a verse he simply leaves it out." Which means that he approaches Christianity, not as a disciple, but as a critic—with the intention, that is to say, of agreeing with Christ only when Christ agrees with him. This is not exegesis but jugglery—an attempt, not to understand or interpret the Gospels, but to supersede them while retaining their phraseology and their authority, as buttresses to support the commentator's own gospel. Obviously, for the body of doctrine thus constructed, not Christ but Tolstoy must be held responsible.

This brings us to the doctrine itself, and to the questions: Is it a sound doctrine? Is it a new doctrine? Do the Tolstoyans really hold it? Our conclusion will indubitably have to be that, in so far as it is sound, it is not new, that, in so far as it is new, it is not sound, and that the only points in the teaching that are really accepted by the Tolstoyans are the points that are not specially characteristic of Tolstoy. Let us take the points *seriatim* and see. The precepts consist, as all the world knows, in insistence on the specific, literal (or perhaps one should say Tolstoyan) application of certain selected texts of Scripture. The principal texts concerned are these:—

1. Resist not evil.
2. Swear not at all.
3. Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery already with her in his heart.

All the three texts are, of course, accepted by all Christians, subject to certain qualifications. Tolstoy accepts and preaches them without any qualifications at all. "Christ," he tells us, "was not exaggerating. Christ meant

what he said." Christ meant, that is to say, that the wrongdoer must be allowed a free hand to rob, to murder, and to ravish; that there must be no armies, no police force, no government machinery of any kind; that we ought all to live celibate lives. Christ also meant—though the authority for this is not so clear—that we must all be teetotalers, non-smokers, and vegetarians. That is the thesis—on which two comments present themselves.

The first comment is that there is no reason to suppose that Christ meant anything of the kind, seeing that He "came eating and drinking," accepted an invitation to a marriage feast, and there turned water into wine. The second comment is that Christ's meaning, whatever it may have been, is, from the strict Tolstoyan point of view, immaterial. Tolstoy, as has already been pointed out, only agrees with Christ when Christ agrees with him. "*Ego et Christus meus*" is the order of ideas to which his eclecticism commits him; and his teaching must stand or fall on its own merits. Does it stand? Are the Tolstoyans standing behind it? Or do they merely accord it a sentimental, rhetorical support on general principles, while letting it collapse whenever the pressure of a particular case is found inconveniently hard?

Very likely they accept and observe the simpler austerities; but these are hardly of the essence of the system. It is easy for the vegetarian or the teetotaler so to order his life that no difficult question in casuistry will ever be raised by his self-imposed rules of abstinence. These virtues, if virtues they be, are purely self-regarding. Similarly with the precept that we ought to avoid taking any office which involves the swearing of allegiance to any organized government. It is quite easy not to be a soldier, or a policeman, or a civil servant—as easy as the French critic said that it was not to

write a tragedy in five acts. Consistency in act here presents no embarrassing difficulties, and inconsistency in thought, even if it exists, may evade detection. So far, therefore, the teaching of Tolstoy, though eccentric, is of no great theoretical interest or practical importance. We only reach the heart of the subject when we come to consider the doctrines of non-resistance, and universal continence—doctrines which do really strike at the roots of society, and threaten to destroy it. What, then, have the Tolstoyans to say on these branches of the subject? Let us first examine their attitude towards the doctrine of non-resistance in its bearing, not only upon the conduct of individuals, but also upon the policy of nations.

In so far as the policy of nations is concerned Mr. Crosby gives away the whole case in the opening sentences of his chapter entitled "The Christian Teaching in Practice." "Are the injunctions of Christ (that is to say, of Tolstoy) practicable? We can only answer that they have often proved so." Perhaps. But a doctrine which is to be of universal application must be practicable not only "often" but "always." A single contrary instance is sufficient to destroy the force of a generalization. This naïve use of the word "often" is by itself a refutation of Tolstoy—by a Tolstoyan; and, if we want to supplement the refutation, we have only to analyze the affirmative instance which Mr. Crosby triumphantly adduces. He cites the case of William Lloyd Garrison—"a non-resistant and one of the most extreme"—and he asks: "Is it a mere coincidence that this typical non-resistant should have been the man who, in the history of America, has, without any exception, accomplished the most for humanity?"

The suggestion is, of course, that William Lloyd Garrison, without striking a blow, effected the emancipation

of the slaves. It is perfectly true that the blacks were emancipated, and it is also perfectly true that William Lloyd Garrison took no part in the fighting. But there was nevertheless plenty of fighting as the result of William Lloyd Garrison's burning words; and, if there had been no fighting, the blacks would not have been emancipated. Mr. Crosby's argument requires that not only William Lloyd Garrison but also General Grant should have been a non-resister. But Grant was nothing of the kind; and, just as we see Mr. Crosby refuting Tolstoy by his use of the word "often," so we may see Grant refuting Mr. Crosby at the Battle of the Wilderness.

Indeed, the Tolstoyan appeals to history can always without difficulty be refuted by the historian. Even when the instances which they select do not, under close inspection, disprove their points instead of proving them, alternative instances pointing to opposite conclusions can invariably be cited. One of their favorite texts, quoted by them from Tolstoy, and by Tolstoy from the Bible, is: "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." And to this they add their gloss: Great aggressive military Empires, like that of Napoleon, have ended in humiliation. Weak States, like the Republic of San Marino, which have thrown themselves on the mercy of their enemies, have preserved their independence. Perhaps. But we knew already that o'erweening ambition might o'erleap itself, and that the weak consult their best interests by not giving provocation to the strong; and that is all that these examples prove. On the other hand, the case of the Incas of Peru demonstrates that a nation of non-resisters may be exterminated; and the case of the Swiss Confederation proves that resistance may build up a stable and prosperous State. On this side of the subject, it is clear that, if

the Tolstoyans will only go as far as history takes them, they cannot go all the way that Tolstoy wants to lead them. They can scarcely be said to do so when they content themselves with asking, as Mr. Crosby does: "Would it not be better to forget Alsace and Lorraine than once again to sow the fratricidal seed that has so often filled Europe with a bloody harvest?" No doubt it would; but there is nothing essentially Tolstoyan in that sentiment. Essential Tolstoism condemns a good deal besides the idea of the *reranche*—the oath on Grütli, for example, and the battles of Mortgarten and Sempach, and the "embattled farmers," and "the shot heard round the world." Do the Tolstoyans really admire the friends of humanity who stayed at home on those occasions?

Apparently they do not. Mr. Stead—one of the first Englishmen to draw attention to the sacro-sanctity of Tolstoy—has lately been calling upon us to add *Dreadnought* to *Dreadnought*. Mr. Crosby practically evades the issue by looking forward to a time when "it will become as impossible for a Christian to . . . fire a bombshell . . . as it would be now for him to indulge in an act of cannibalism." It may be so. But the word "become," like the word "often," gives the case away. We are all agreed that, in a world in which nobody resisted evil, there would be no evil to resist. To say that, however—and to say no more—is to substitute prophecy for exhortations; and the Tolstoyans who do that are not merely following Tolstoy at a distance, but are separated from him by a gulf. Tolstoism is not a prediction but a code of conduct—a code which, so far as the affairs of nations are concerned, no Tolstoyan outside a lunatic asylum seems to endorse.

Do they even accept the precept of non-resistance as an infallible guide to the duty of the individual in his rela-

tions with bad men? Some of them certainly try very hard to do so. They are not satisfied, with other Christians, to denounce vindictiveness. They agree—Mr. Crosby at any rate agrees—that landlords should not evict their tenants, and that creditors should not go to law to recover their debts. They can easily avoid the temptation to do so by conducting their business on a cash basis, and by not investing their capital in land or house property; but these, for that very reason, are not test cases. One test case occurred when an American magazine published a garbled version of something that Tolstoy had written; and, on that occasion, the appeal to Caesar was threatened by Tolstoyans. A still more crucial test can easily be propounded.

A Tolstoyan, let us imagine, is taking a country walk. He hears a cry for help. Running up, he discovers that a tramp is endeavoring to commit a criminal assault upon a woman. Is he to interfere? Or is he to pass by on the other side, treating the matter as no concern of his? The doctrine, "Resist not evil," literally interpreted, clearly prescribes the latter course; and Tolstoy has as clearly laid down that the doctrine must be literally interpreted, because Christ "was not exaggerating," but "meant what he said." Are the Tolstoyans at one with him? That they would actually, as a matter of practice, resist evil in such a case, one does not venture to doubt; but that is not the point. Do they regard the resistance which they would assuredly offer in such circumstances as a concession to the Old Adam and an act of infidelity to the ideal? Or do they hold that the resistance would be not only justified but obligatory? That is the question; and to ask it is surely to answer it.

The question, in fact, was once put to Tolstoy himself. He replied that, in the circumstances indicated, the

"use of force might be necessary." Assuredly it not only might but would; but the admission is not the less damaging to the argument on that account. It entails the admission that Christ "was exaggerating," and did not "mean what he said"—and also, as a further consequence, that Tolstoy is "exaggerating," and does not mean what he says. For, if the rule does not apply to all the cases, where is the principle enabling us to determine which are the cases to which it does apply? Our rule, in the absence of any such principle to direct its application, amounts only to a rule that evil should not be resisted unless there is some advantage to be gained; and we certainly do not need to go to Tolstoy for such a maxim as that. So that, on this branch of the subject, not even Tolstoy himself is a Tolstoyan, since he has, with his own hands, removed the support that was essential to the solidity of his doctrine, and brought the edifice down in crumbling ruins about his ears.

So much, then, of his social gospel. What of his sexual teaching?—his rule that we ought all to live as celibates—even those of us who are married?

The temptation is strong to remark that Tolstoy's own celibacy has been of a mitigated character. His family is so large that even the Tolstoyans do not seem to know how large it is. Thirteen, fifteen and sixteen are the estimates of three different Tolstoyans whose commentaries lie at present on the table. Tolstoy is not, of course, to be held responsible for the faulty arithmetic of his followers; but he, and not they, must take the blame, if blame there be, for the fact that his last child was born some years after the publication of the *Kreutzer Sonata*—the very work in which he lays down his rule of abstinence for married men. He recognizes his inconsistency, however, and deplores it. "When speaking of

how married people should live," he writes, "I do not imply that I myself have lived, or now live, as I should."—a fine outburst of frankness by which all the most obvious criticisms are disarmed. We may be content to note it, and pass on.

We may refrain, too, since the discussion would take us too far afield, from any comment upon the outrage on sentiment—a sentiment profound, intense, and practically universal—which this glorification of asceticism in matrimonial relations must seem to the vast majority of Tolstoy's readers to convey. It will suffice for our purpose to consider what the doctrine really is—how far it is sometimes modified and qualified by its author—what would be the results of its adoption, whether with or without the qualifications—what the Tolstoyans think of it.

It is a doctrine which has varied considerably from time to time. In 1884, when *My Religion* was published, the precept was: "Let every man in possession of his natural powers take to himself a wife . . . and let them under no pretext whatever dissolve the personal relations consequent on marriage." In *The Relations of the Sexes* we read: "Marriage, of course, is good and necessary for the continuation of the race." In the *Kreutzer Sonata*, however, the extinction of the race is contemplated with equanimity; and, in an article in *The New Age*, printed in 1897, and reprinted in 1901, it is definitely laid down that "marriage is an un-Christian (which is to say, an un-Tolstoyan) institution." The contradiction is flagrant, and Tolstoy's gloss, reported by Mr. Tchertkoff, that "all depends on the plane in which a man finds himself" is not a reconciliation of the contradictory propositions, but an independent proposition which contradicts both of them. Let us take the three

propositions separately, and consider their significance.

In the first proposition, of course, there is nothing distinctively Tolstoyan. It only expounds the ordinary moral ideal of the ordinary man in a monogamous community. The second proposition, involving the extinction of the race in the course of a single generation, really renders the rest of the Tolstoyan philosophy—non-resistance and the like—superfluous. The point of the third proposition lies in the application of it, and on the meaning to be attached to the word "plane." If Tolstoy means that a man arrives at the celibate plane by growing old, he is merely calling upon us to make a virtue of a necessity. If, on the other hand, he means by the celibate plane the plane of highest morality, he is proposing a code the observance of which would result in the extinction of Tolstoyans, while leaving the wicked to flourish like a green bay tree. It is only the two latter propositions which count, since they alone distinguish Tolstoy from other moralists. Do the Tolstoyans accept either of them?

If the comments of Mr. Crosby are any guide, they certainly do not. "Tolstoy," he writes, "does not seem to have considered the possibility of a true spiritual marriage and of the effect it might produce in purifying physical relations"—a sentiment which may be sound, but assuredly is not Tolstoyan. "It is certainly true," he adds, "whether we lean to these conclusions of Tolstoy's or not, that the last word has not yet been said on the subject of Christian marriage." Very likely it has not. But Tolstoy unquestionably claims to have spoken the last word on the subject; and Mr. Crosby's gloss only amounts, in effect, to this—that though Tolstoy, on the face of it, is talking nonsense, possibly some of his opponents sometimes talk nonsense too. Mr. Crosby does not support

Tolstoy, but apologizes for him; and that, as we have seen, is the common tone of the Tolstoyan disciples towards their master. Tolstoy, they seem to say, is mad; but there is method in his madness.

Perhaps there is. Madness is not necessarily inconsequential or illogical. The difference between a fool and a madman, it has been said, is this: A fool reasons incorrectly from true premises ; a madman reasons correctly from false premises—and that is, broadly speaking, what Tolstoy has done. A sane reasoner, following his argument, and being led to his conclusions, would say: This is absurd; there must be something wrong with the premises; let us re-examine them and start afresh. Tolstoy, on the contrary, never flinches from his conclusions, and never doubts his premises. An argument which another man would regard as a *reductio ad absurdum* is to him a demonstration that the absurd is true. The Tolstoyans evidently feel this, though they do not admit it, and do not even see it.

For what reason, then, are they Tolstoyans? Why do they persist in walking, and in trying to persuade others to walk, in a path which they perceive to be so beset with stumbling-blocks? They write as men laid under a spell to which they would like to yield, but which both instinct and experience bid them resist. What is the nature of the fascination? Do they themselves understand it?

Apparently they do not; for Tolstoyism, as they present it to us, bristles with fallacies which any amateur logician can detect. The only premises from which the conclusions of popular Tolstoyism can be derived are these: that Christ spoke with divine authority and meant what he said when he said certain things, but did not speak with authority, and did not mean what he said, when

he said certain other things. That is absurd, whatever view one takes of the divinity of Christ; but the Tolstoyans lack nerve to brush the absurdity aside. Their instincts and their reason conflict. Reason tells them that Tolstoy is wrong; instinct tells them that he has grasped a profound and valuable truth. They cling to the absurdities for fear lest the truth should perish with them.

Perhaps we may best get at the root of the matter by distinguishing between exoteric and esoteric Tolstoyism. Exoteric Tolstoyism does consist of wrong-headed Christian exegesis. In esoteric Tolstoyism the selected sayings of Christ—certain selected sayings, that is to say—are merely used as illustrations of a philosophy which is independent of them and might just as well be based upon the selected sayings of Buddha. Esoteric Tolstoyism, in short, is not a kind of Christianity, but a kind of Pantheism.

Pantheism, of course, is not necessarily a religious conception. To say that matter is God is neither to add to our knowledge of its attributes, nor (from the point of view of the materialist) to introduce any fresh theory of the Universe. It is merely (the materialist would say) to give matter a new name. And the materialists will also tell us that no other kind of Pantheism is possible. None the less, however, the Pantheism which is current is the Pantheism of the "God-intoxicated man" who insists upon imposing the religious conceptions of his own mind upon a philosophical conception which does not contain them; and the reason why it is current is that we are all, materialists included, God-intoxicated more or less—a condition of things with which every philosophy must, whether logically or illogically, in the long run, make terms. The real standpoint of Tolstoy as a teacher is that of the God-intoxicated Pantheist.

He is a Christian only in so far as Pantheism—his own kind of Pantheism—can be read into or squeezed out of Christianity; and the text on which esoteric Tolstoyism is based is not, after all, "Resist not evil," but "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

In that text lies the Tolstoyan sanction of morality, though not necessarily the sanction of all the detailed Tolstoyan precepts. All men are brothers because all men are manifestations of the divine. That is the central thought which pervades and animates Tolstoy's teaching. It is very precisely stated, in a very popular form, in a short tale entitled *Esarhaddon, King of Assyria*,

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Assyria, published for the benefit of the Jews impoverished by the Kishineff riots; but it is implied in almost everything that Tolstoy has written in recent years. It is, one cannot doubt, in their zeal for that conception of man's relations to man and to the infinite that the Tolstoyans labor so hard in apologizing for Tolstoy's impracticable code of conduct; but they have no need to do so. The conception to which they cling does not contain the conclusions which perplex them; and the premises which do contain them are not of the essence of Tolstoyism.

Francis Gribble.

WORDSWORTH'S PATRIOTIC POETRY.

On August 30, 1808, the Convention of Cintra undid the work of Vimiero and checked for a time the revolt of Portugal and Spain against Napoleon. England as a whole took the disappointment hardly; and one man—the most English of the English—was so moved that he broke what with him was, if not a rule, at least a practice of never publicly expressing his opinions on political affairs. During the following winter Wordsworth wrote a prose pamphlet; it was seen through the press by De Quincey, and published in the spring of 1809 under a title of which "The Convention of Cintra" is the fragment best known, but of which the words "those principles by which alone the independence and freedom of nations can be preserved or recovered" are the really important part. Wordsworth saw, what few men of the time appear to have seen, the essential difference between this and the other efforts to throw off the Napoleonic yoke. The revolt in Spain and Portugal spoke with the voice, not of a dynasty, but of a people.

Was there ever a people who presented themselves to the reason and the imagination, as under more holy influences than the dwellers upon the Southern Peninsula; as roused more instantaneously from a deadly sleep to a more hopeful wakefulness, as a mass fluctuates with one motion under the breath of a mightier wind; as breaking themselves up, and settling into several bodies, in more harmonious order; as reunited and embattled under a standard which was reared to the sun with more authentic assurance of final victory?

So he writes in a pamphlet which, though it had no noticeable effect (being written by an unpopular poet out of touch with practical politics), is well worth reading for its eloquence, its ideas, and the light it throws on Wordsworth's patriotic poetry. Not kings nor armies, but the "soul" of a people is what matters.

O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied
On fleets and armies, and external wealth:

But from *within* proceeds a Nation's health;
 Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with pride
 To the paternal floor; or turn aside,
 In the thronged city, from the walks of gain,
 As being all unworthy to detain
 A Soul by contemplation sanctified.
 There are who cannot languish in this strife,
 Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good
 Of such high course was felt and understood;
 Who to their Country's cause have bound a life
 Erewhile, by solemn consecration given
 To labor and to prayer, to nature, and to heaven.

And as the war progressed it was not the English arms he sang of, but the Peninsular heroes, Palafox, and those nameless guerrillas whom in two fine sonnets he celebrated as the equals of their ancestors, who defied home and Carthage, and as "hanging like dreams around the guilty bed" of the Tyrant.

The anniversary sends one back to Wordsworth's patriotic or political poetry; and to pick it out and read it as a whole is to realize what has been said before, that here is at once the largest and most valuable body of that kind of poetry in the English language. Its genesis and development are a familiar story. In May, 1802, a few months before his marriage, Wordsworth's sister Dorothy read him Milton's sonnets. He "took fire" at once, and he wrote immediately the sonnet "I grieved for Buonaparté." That summer the Peace of Amiens made it possible for them to go to France, and he was moved to further sonnets by the contrast between the France of 1792—"France standing at the top of golden hours"—and the France which had just made Napoleon Consul for life—a France where the "two solitary greet-

ings, 'Good-morrow, Citizen!'" sounded a hollow word,
 As if a dead man spake it!

At the same time, his changed feelings for England inspired him to use the sonnet as he and Milton alone have used it. The days had passed when he had

Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,
 When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown;

and when, during the thanksgivings for our victories,

I only, like an uninvited guest
 Whom no one owned, sate silent, shall I add,
 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.

The result of that August in France was the famous apology to his country:—

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
 The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
 I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
 For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:
 And I by my affection was beguiled:
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

To it we owe also the sonnet "Fair Star of Evening," which we only refrain from quoting because most people know it by heart; the sonnet "Here on our native soil," with its sextet:—

Europe is yet in bonds; but let that
pass,
Thought for another moment. Thou
art free,
My Country! And 'tis joy enough and
pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread
the grass
Of England once again, and hear and
see,
With such a dear Companion at my
side;

and a third sonnet which is essential
to the subject:—

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open
sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters,
unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a
mood
Which spurns the check of salutary
bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs
and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible Knights of
old;
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and
morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we
are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles mani-
fold.

On his return, he was struck by the wealth and luxury of England contrasted with the "quiet and desolation" of the Calais which rejoiced so soberly over Napoleon's new honor; and—still clinging to the sonnet—he wrote the apology quoted above, the lines which include the much-quoted "Plain living and high thinking" and "Pure religion breathing household laws," the famous sonnet to Milton, and another which will appear valuably characteristic of his thought, as well as less valuably so of his expression:—

Great men have been among us; hands
that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called
Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put
on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation
shone
In splendor: what strength was, that
would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness.
France, 'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as
we had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road!
But equally a want of books and men!

"No master spirit"; the words are
deeply significant, as we shall see.

It is hard to understand to-day how Wordsworth ever came to be regarded as a renegade. Not to mention his own very clear explanations of his mental processes, in "*The Prelude*" and elsewhere, only one who saw things with the eyes of a Hazlitt could fail to admit that his was a consistent, the only consistent, path. It is abundantly clear that Wordsworth's passion, like Milton's, was for that liberty in order which is the result of the justice of God and the laws which free man makes for himself. Napoleon, in his opinion, acted in defiance of both, and, after 1793, still more after 1802. Wordsworth could be nothing but an anti-Bonapartist. This is not the place to discuss how far Napoleon's "plebiscitary despotism stood for the Revolution." In Wordsworth's day the Napoleonic legend was not born, and he may be pardoned for not seeing what is not sharply clear to those who have known it for nearly a century. And as for Napoleon's "defence of nationality," what Wordsworth—no lover of

the old order thought about that is clear from another of the 1810 sonnets—the “Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard”:-

We can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands:
And we can brook the thought that by his band,
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway;
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.

Napoleon, to Wordsworth, was always the Tyrant; and that phrase, “no master mind,” is the keynote of his view of Consul and Emperor. “It was a high satisfaction,” he writes in his pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra, “to behold demonstrated . . . to what a narrow domain of knowledge the intellect of a Tyrant must be confined. . . . To the eyes of the very peasant in the field, this sublime truth was laid open—not only that a Tyrant's domain of knowledge is narrow, but melancholy as narrow; inasmuch as—from all that is lovely, dignified, or exhilarating in the prospect of human nature—he is inexorably cut off; and therefore he is inwardly helpless and forlorn.”

Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk

Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

He was never deluded for a moment into thinking Napoleon either a great or an enviable man. To Wordsworth a tyrant could not be great; and when he was almost at the height of his power, this is all the poet has to say for him: that he had

Gained at length a prosperous height,
Round which the elements of worldly might
Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds,
are laid.
O joyless power that stands by lawless force!
Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn, and hate,
Internal darkness and unquiet breath.

Such was his attitude towards the man whom every one else in Europe was pursuing with either fulsome adulation or violent hatred. Wordsworth did not hate him. While he wept or thundered over his successes or exulted in his overthrow, he looked down upon the man from a height where personal hatred could not breathe. And twenty years later he seems to include Napoleon in the pity he evidently felt for Trajan, as he looked upon the Pillar in Rome. But he followed his career with intense interest, and the suppressed excitement characteristic of him found vent in a series of sonnets that commemorate nearly every event in the story. So early as 1802 he wrote the great sonnet on Toussaint l'Ouverture and the greater still on Venice; and another on Gustavus IV. of Sweden, who seemed to him no tyrant, but a true patriot, because he resisted Napoleon. In 1803 he defeated in imagination the French invaders. In 1806

he sang of "The Happy Warrior," that perfect product of so strange a fusion as the character of Nelson and John Wordsworth, and wrote also the sonnet after Jena, and the great lines, "Loud is the vale," on the expected death of Fox. The next year he celebrated the German rising, and wrote the sonnet on the "Two Voices"; and from 1808 to 1811, spurred by the Spanish rising and deeds of the Tyrolese, he composed that set of sonnets on Spain and Palafox, on Schill and Hofer, on honor, greatness and war, which mark those years as some of the most choicely fruitful in his career. When that burst was over he wrote little on these subjects until Napoleon had fallen, and the General Thanksgiving of January 18, 1816, called forth the three Odes and the Invocation to the Earth. Reminiscent poems on the fatal 1812 and Waterloo followed; and Haydon's pictures of Napoleon and Wellington and certain histories of the French Revolution brought from him echoes of the departed passion.

As we look back over the body of his patriotic poetry, it is easy to see the qualities which give it its permanence, its value, and—when the nature of the poet's mind is taken into consideration—its beauty. In the first place, there is no insularity, no mere "Rule, Britannia!" about his patriotism. True, having never seen Parnassus, he could write, at the age of thirty-one:—

What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sovereignty
Our British Hill is nobler far;

which may or may not be true; and twelve years later the view from the top of Black Comb rejoices him:—

Of nature's works,
In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,
A revelation infinite it seems;

Display august of man's inheritance,
Of Britain's calm felicity and power!

But the very rarity of this note of satisfaction is one of the explanations of his supremacy among our patriotic poets. The youth who had been ready to hate his England when she had appeared to him an enemy of liberty and justice, was ready to love her only in so far as she lived up to his ideals, and was ready to admonish her severely and warn her gravely even while she followed the path he held to be right. He loved nothing English merely because it was English and he was English: he loved what was English because, being English, it held a part in the glory which England had won for herself—

It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
The glorious work of time and Providence,
Before a flying season's rash pretence,
Should fail; that She, whose virtue put
to shame,
When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,
Should perish, self-subverted. Black
and dense
The cloud is; but brings *that* a day of
doom
To Liberty? Her sun is up the while,
That orb whose beams round Saxon
Alfred shone;
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! Streams,
sweep on,
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest
Isle
Toss in the fanning wind a humbler
plume.

Those lines were written about the Reform Bill; but it is useful to trace the same feeling to his later years because that reasoned consistency, which separates him by a whole world of thought from the patriotism of the street and the music-hall, was one of the secrets of his greatness as a patriotic poet. Wordsworth, his mind and emotions ruled by a reasoned creed, kept his

head. His attitude to Napoleon proves that. When he had recovered from the despair of 1793 and the following years, a political faith, founded on reason, and inseparable from his philosophy of life, kept him shrewd and steady ever after. His faith, which changed only in details, if at all, from that which had made him a champion of the Revolution, was in nationalities. The soil and the virtues of the soil are his constant cry; he preaches them alike in the great sonnets of the Napoleonic wars and when a railway threatens the mountains of the Lake district. He believed intensely in nationality, because he believed intensely that there was a national spirit and national virtues, the national "soul" as he calls them, which demanded and thrived in a state of freedom. That is the burden of all the sonnets of 1808 to 1811. Crowns, armies, learning, wealth, even "moral prudence"—nothing is of value except this national soul.

Winds blow and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and
Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One
decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by
the soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and
free.

He sums it all up in the last sonnet but one of the series:—

The power of Armies is a visible
thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and
space;
But who the limits of that power shall
trace
Which a brave People into light can
bring
Or hide, at will,—for freedom combat-
ing
By just revenge inflamed? No foot
may chase,
No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the
wing

Like the strong wind, or sleeping like
the wind
Within its awful caves.—From year to
year
Springs this indigenous produce far
and near;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

It was the faith in the ultimate victory of this national soul over tyranny that enabled him to hope on, and even to rejoice when, in 1806, the English were "the last that dare to struggle with the Foe." And it was no visionary aspiration, of the kind which draws men away from the praises of their country to sing of deeds and heroes of the past, or to build themselves remote palaces of art. Wordsworth's thought worked

Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—
Or some secreted island, Heaven
knows where!
But in the very world, which is the
world
Of all of us,—the place where, in the
end,
We find our happiness, or not at all!

Though he wrote his pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra, "not 'mid the world's vain objects that enslave," but in the "school sublime" of "mighty Nature," he philosophized not "in the air," but with an eye that meanwhile was noting every detail of the actual struggle.

It almost follows from this attitude of mind that his poetry is concerned comparatively little with battles and victories. He saw through and beyond success and failure in the field. And in that Ode on the Great Thanksgiving which, in spite of the terrible lines about the "tubed engine" in church, is one of the finest odes in the language, he speaks very straight on the subject. As in defeat his "pure song" had not shrunk from "the paramount duty" of hope, so in victory his joy was tem-

pered and fortified by humility based still on his reasoned faith in God and man. It is this unity of principle which gives its permanence and its value to Wordsworth's patriotic poetry. And for its beauty, the sluggishness which needed a strong stimulus found it in the agonies of those tremendous years. In quoting, we have been forced here and there to mutilate; and the desire to incorporate almost every sonnet of the 1802-1803, or the 1808-

1811 periods has led, perhaps, to a selection made on philosophic rather than poetic grounds. The form checked Wordsworth's tendency to redundancy; the spirit that fired him was at once intense and exalted. If Wordsworth was happy in being an Englishman in those great days, England is happy in having had a poet to sing her achievement so temperately, so wisely, and so loftily as Wordsworth.

The Times.

THE PLOUGHIN' MATCH.

The little village of Oakleigh appeared to be holding a special spring festival of its own when old Robert Inkpen betook himself homewards for the midday meal. The dozen or so of ancient irregularly built houses clinging to the steep hillside were embowered in blossom, while the little gardens to the rear of each were enlivened by patches of wallflowers and early stocks, primroses and forget-me-nots; here and there a few lingering daffodils and jonquils lent a special brightness. Moreover, it being Monday, the budding hedges were bespread with newly washed linen, while from the lines overhead a variety of dangling garments added their share of picturesqueness to the scene. Blue shirts, pink pinafores, here a fine scarlet petticoat, yonder a man's nankeen jacket—the lighter objects occasionally fluttering in the brisk breeze, the heavier ones flapping and swaying; there was color and activity everywhere.

But old Robert's keen blue eyes gazed neither to right nor left; they looked fixedly, almost vengefully, in front of them, out of their network of lines; the mouth, too, was pinched and resolute: it was easy to guess that the old man was evolving some weighty purpose as he stumped along.

Turning in at a battered little wooden gate set midway in a hedge that was partly of privet and partly of furze (the latter all ablaze with bloom), he went quickly up the flagged path bordered with polyanthus, and throwing open the house door, burst into the kitchen.

"What's this I do hear about a ploughin'-match?" he inquired, throwing his hat on the table.

Mrs. Inkpen, a meek old woman in a faded print dress and limp sun-bonnet, cast a timid and deprecating glance upon her lord.

"Whát ploughin'-match?" she stammered, making the query obviously with the desire to gain time.

"Be there more than one?" retorted Robert sarcastically.

"Fred Stuckhey telled I to-day all about it. He did stop outside the field where I were hedgin', an' he telled I how 'twas all settled an' the names gived in an' all. There, to think as I did never hear one word about it! He could scarce believe it. 'Well!' he says, 'that be a-servin' of 'ee bad, you as did used to be the champion plougher, too.' But as I did say to en, 'I do know very well why 'twas kep' a secret from I,' an' I do know.—Where's Lyddy?"

"She be gone for your beer—she'll be back in a minute."

Mrs. Inkpen nervously removed her "master's" hat from among the plates and knives and forks in the center of the table, and began to arrange these in orderly fashion. Dinner would be ready in a minute, and Robert had not yet, according to his usual custom, performed his ablutions at the tap, but she did not dare remind him of the fact; he sat with his gnarled, earthy hands folded on the head of his stick, his mouth pursed, and his eyes riveted on the open doorway.

Presently the little gate creaked on its hinges, and Lyddy's trim figure came in sight; a slender lassie with a complexion as pink and white as apple-blossom, and hair that flamed in the sunshine.

"Halloa, father!" cried she. "You'm early to-day."

"Halloa, *hussy!*" rejoined he with terrible emphasis. "I do 'low I be early. I comed home early a-purpose. I've a word or two to say to 'ee. You'm fond enough o' tittle-tattlin' when there be nothin' to tattle about, but you go an' keep sich a piece o' news as this here about the ploughin' match a secret from your father, what had the best right to know. Come now, what did 'ee do that for?"

Lyddy's face became suffused with guilty roses; she glanced appealingly at her mother, but receiving no help from that quarter, endeavored to carry off the situation by a desperate attempt at unconcern.

"There now, didn't I tell 'ee about the ploughin' match? Well, I wonder what I can ha' been thinkin' on. It's to be on Thursday week in the big field at back of the Black Horse, an' the prize be a silver watch. Ye'll like to go an' look at it, won't ye, father?"

"I be a-goin' for to do more nor that," rejoined Robert sternly. "I be a-goin' for to com-pete. That do surprise 'ee,

I d' 'low," he added. "You didn't think I'd be likely to want to do sich a thing, did ye? Else ye mid ha' chanced to mention it, midn't ye? It wasn't along o' not *wantin'* me to com-pete that ye kep' it a secret, was it?"

He fired off these queries with a mixture of severity and slyness, delivering the last, however, with a kind of roar that was nothing if not terrifying. Both women were loud in protestation against the accusation, but Lyddy grew pinker and pinker, and Mrs. Inkpen's hands trembled over their work. They just hadn't chanced to think of naming the matter. How could they suppose he'd be that much upset about it? Of course if they'd known he'd mind one way or another they would certainly have told him.

Robert rose, and marching solemnly across the room, pointed with his stick to three small frames which hung beside the chimney-piece.

"D'y'e see this here?" he inquired, designating the first. "What do it say? It do say as Robert Inkpen was the winner o' Oakleigh Ploughin' Match in the year eighteen hundred an' fifty-four. I were but a lad then, an' we ploughed wi' oxen—ah, 'twas a curious sight that. Well, an' see here again. In eighteen hundred an' sixty-eight Robert Inkpen won Oakleigh Ploughin' Match again; an' in eighteen hundred an' ninety-two, which was the last time there was a ploughin' match held in Oakleigh, I done the same thing. Folks did allus say I were the Ploughin' Champion o' Oakleigh village. An' now it seems there's goin' to be another ploughin' match in Oakleigh—in memory o' old times they do tell I Parson do say—an' if it hadn't ha' been for chance the Oakleigh champion 'ud have heard nothin' about it till 'twas too late to com-pete. There must be a reason for that, an' I do know the reason very well—you're afeared as the wold Champion 'ull win

the prize again as he did win it afore. There's somebody else what *you* do want to win the prize, Lyddy. A body don't need the wisdom o' King Solomon to guess that."

Again the duet of protest and denial was renewed, and received by the old man with equal incredulity.

"There, no need to tell lies about it," he remarked, gradually recovering his good humor at the sight of their discomfiture; "I do know all about it, an' there bain't a bit o' use tryin' for to deceive I. James Fry reckons he'll have it all his own way and carry off the prize same as he do reckon to carry *you* off, Lyddy, my maid; w/out enough, nor half enough, to keep ye, an' a poor match every way. He do think he need only crook his finger at ye an' ye'll march off w/ he—an' I reckon ye'd be soft enough to do it too, if ye hadn't a-got your old father to look after ye."

A dead pause ensued, and Robert wagged his head sagaciously.

"Ye haven't much to say, have ye?" he cried triumphantly. "Ye reckoned ye'd nothin' to do but hold your tongues about the ploughin' match, an' Master James 'ud carry all before en; but I've put a spoke in his wheel for once. I've a-wrote my name down, an' 'tis me what'll win the prize, same as I did win the other prizes, an' Master Jim 'ull jist have to do without it."

Mother and daughter looked at each other in silence; and after a pause Mrs. Inkpen, in a small, insinuating voice, informed her husband that dinner was ready.

The meal was a somewhat gloomy one, but every now and then Robert cast a triumphant glance at his women-kind, obviously congratulating himself on the skill with which he had asserted his own rights and routed the pretensions of his rival.

Even after he had left the house, Mrs. Inkpen spoke in a whisper.

"He's altogether unfit for it," she said. "It'll fair break his heart if he don't win."

"How can he win?" returned Lyddy, not without a certain pride amid her discomfiture. "He mid ha' been able to get the better of a few old folks, but I don't see how he can look to beat Jim. Everybody do say there's never been Jim's match in the parish."

"If he and your father started out i' the wold days he wouldn't ha' found it so easy to beat en," said Mrs. Inkpen, with some indignation. "But at father's time o' life—goin' on seventy, and so scraggled as he be w/ the rheumatics, he must be mad to think on't. An' what he'll do when he finds hisself beat I can't think. He never could a-bear to be beat in anything, and he did always reckon hisself champion at the ploughin'."

"Well, 'tis a very bad job, I'm sure," groaned Lyddy. "Father's set enough again Jim as it be, w/out this—I'd 'low this'll about finish his chance."

"Ah, but I'm thinkin' o' father himself," returned the mother, shaking her head. "He be so down on us, along o' thinkin' we kep' it from him to prevent his winnin', when all we wanted was to prevent his losin'. But you're right for one thing," she added; with a certain gloomy satisfaction, "It'll put an end to Jim's coortin'—the poor chap 'ull never be let cross the door again. Dear to be sure, I can't think whatever put it into Parson's head to start this here match! I'm sure the men-folks is ready enough to get fightin' an' quarrelin' for nothin' w/out the Reverend settin' 'em by the ears. I be sorry for 'ee, Lyddy, my dear, but I be afraid ye'll have to say goodbye to Jim."

Lyddy pondered with a downcast face, as she removed the dinner things; but presently her mother heard her singing in a cheerful voice as she washed them up at the sink.

"I'm sure I'm glad you be a-brightenin' up a bit, my dear," she called out.

"I've got a plan," rejoined Lyddy, and hurrying up to her mother she caught her face in her damp hands and whispered in her ear.

"That's a good notion, bain't it?" she ended triumphantly. "That'll make it all right."

"It will," conceded Mrs. Inkpen, doubtfully, "if he'll agree."

In the afternoon Lyddy pulled down her sleeves, put on a clean apron over the print that was still crackling in its Monday freshness, and betook herself to the top of the lane to wait till Jim should stroll that way, as he generally did when his work was done.

Presently his tall active figure came in sight, swinging along at a brisk pace which quickened as he saw her.

"You're in very good time to-day, maidie," he remarked, after the first amenities. "I thought I was early an' reckoned I'd have to hang about for a bit."

"I made so much haste as I could," rejoined Lyddy, disengaging herself. "I've summat to tell 'ee."

"No bad noos, I hope?" said Jim anxiously.

"Well, not exactly bad noos, but things have fell out terr'ble ark'ard. Father—there he's got wind o' the ploughin'-match an' he've a-put down his name to take his chance w'l' the rest."

Jim Fry whistled.

"I never heerd o' sich a thing! Why, he can scarce walk straight, let alone drive a straight furrow! 'Tis years an' years since he've tried sich a thing. His measter do keep en to light jobs now, don't he?"

Lyddy nodded.

"Mother an' me kep' it from en o' purpose, knowin' it 'ud be too much for en—an' he d' think we' done it along o' not wishin' him to beat you."

Jim's face relaxed into a slow smile.

"Be that what he do think?"

"He do. He've reg'lar made up his mind he be a-goin' to beat ye—an' I'll tell ye summat, Jim—he *must* beat ye."

"What?" cried Jim, falling back aghast.

"Ye'll have to let him beat ye," repeated Lyddy firmly; "ye'll have to let him beat ye for love o' me."

"Well, but—" the young man began, and then stopped short in mingled wrath and consternation.

"It be a good deal to ask," resumed Lyddy, "but when I do tell 'ee 'tis for my sake ye'll not think it too much. Father have always been again ye, Jim, fro' the first," she added with extreme candor, "an' if you do go an' win the prize what he've a-set his heart on, an' shame him what used to be the champion, he'll never let I speak to ye again—an' what's more it'll kill him like as not, an' then I myself 'ull be forced to hate ye."

Though young Fry was evidently struck by this latter argument, he was not altogether convinced of its justice. He gazed at the girl with a somewhat lowering brow, scratching his jaw meditatively the while.

"It be pretty cool of ye to say that, my maid," he remarked; "you do seem to be pretty cool altogether—jist about cool," he added with increasing indignation. "I be to make a fool of myself before the whole parish jist to please your father what had never so much as a civil word for me."

"Not to please my father," rejoined Lyddy, with dignity, "to please me. Ye did always talk so much about bein' wishful for to please me, an' now as I do show ye how to do it ye hang back."

"How can I help hangin' back?" cried the poor young fellow. "There, I d' low it bain't right what ye want I to do. It do seem to be a kind o' cheatin'. The folks as come to look on reckons everyone be a-doin' his best—

some o' the lads fro' Branston 'ull be havin' bets—"

Lyddy threw out her hand solemnly.

"Ye mustn't let 'em bet," she observed. "Bettin's wicked, anyhow, so ye did ought to be glad to stop that. Now, Jim," she added in a wheedling tone, "do 'ee make up your mind to do what I say. I'll love ye for it—jist about!"

"Ye said ye'd hate me if I didn't," grumbled Jim; "'tis a funny sort o' love what can chop an' change like that."

"I said I mid be forced to hate ye," she said, correcting him. "If ye was to do my father a mischief, of course I'd have to hate ye. But I don't wish to do it—I'd like to love ye."

She said this with such a pleading glance of the blue eyes that were usually more keen than soft, and with such a bewitching dimpling of her pretty face, that her lover was vanquished.

"Well, if that's the case, I must try to give 'ee your wish," he rejoined. "But you must reward me, Lyddy. You must give me your promise outright, an' no more shilly-shally, no matter what your father says."

"Oh, I'll agree to that," cried the delighted girl. "An' I shouldn't wonder but what father'd be so set up over the prize that he'd be in a good humor with you so well as everyone else."

"Others mid beat en though," suggested Jim. "Him an' me bain't the only ones. Sol Young and Bob Marshall an' a good many other chaps is goin' in for the match too—an' your father's but a wold man."

"No, no," said Lyddy, shaking her head emphatically. "Father mid be wold, but he be terr'ble clever, an' when he do set his mind to a thing, he do never let hisself be beat. There is but you to be afear'd on."

To Jim's surprise he found that this view was shared by most of the vil-

lers. The elders who had witnessed Robert Inkpen's prowess in former days pinned their faith to him still, and though the younger members of the community rallied round Jim, and loudly announced their belief that he would carry the day, so universal was the traditional belief in the power of the old champion, that even these took it for granted he would distance all rivals except his would-be son-in-law.

"But I'll back you, Jim," cried Tom Meadoway, slapping young Fry heartily on the back. "I'll bet any man half-a-crown as you'll beat old Inkpen out and out."

The two were standing at the bar of the Black Horse, and Jim, after a startled glance round, drew his friend cautiously on one side.

"Look 'ee here, Tom—don't ye go for to lay any bets on me," he whispered. "I don't want to have nobettin'."

Tom stared.

"Well I'm dalled!" he exclaimed. "What's that for? I laid two shillin' on ye for the sack race at the Primrose Feet last summer, an' ye was proud to hear on it."

"Well, 'tis this way. The maid what I be a-coortin' be reg'lar set again bettin'," Jim explained hastily. "She do think it wicked."

And then, remarking that he was in a bit of a hurry, he paid his score and went out, leaving his friend gaping.

The eventful Thursday dawned bright and fine; there had been a touch of frost over night, which, though not sufficient to harden the ground, lent crispness and sparkle to the air, and silvered the dewy patches beneath tree and hedgerow; here and there on sunny stretches of the latter little pearly buds of hawthorn spangled the network of young green; opening primroses alternated with the harder gold of celadine and dandelion; delicate speedwell blooms pushed their way upwards through the rank grass by the

wayside, and the satin-flower, elegant, ethereal fine lady of the hedgerow, flaunted its shining petals on every mossy bank.

Robert Inkpen's new smock-frock seemed to vie with this last-named blossom in its snowy whiteness. He had, moreover, purchased a new wide-awake, and had anticipated his Saturday shave. Mrs. Inkpen broke into open admiration as she walked round him, and Lyddy was conscious of a throb of pride, though her father's triumph could only be compassed by the humiliation of her lover. Robert himself was innocently vain of his appearance, and absolutely confident of the issue of the contest.

"I did win my first ploughin'-match in a noo smock-frock what my mother made I," he announced; "I did win my second in a noo smock-frock what you did make I, wold 'ooman, an' likeways my third; an' I be a-goin' to win this here match, what'll be my last, most like, in a noo smock-frock made by my darter Lyddy. Give us a kiss, my maid—there, that's for luck, an' off us goes."

Down at the field a crowd had gathered, and the old champion was hailed with loud cheers: poor Jim, who had originally expected this ovation to be for him, stood apart, crestfallen and sulky.

"This here'll want a lot o' makin' up for," he murmured in Lyddy's ear; "it will—jist about."

Though Mr. Inkpen did not catch the words, he observed that the young couple were walking together, and taking note of the melancholy expression of both faces, instantly inferred that this gloom was caused by the thought of his own impending victory. He nodded at Jim in a friendly way, feeling more kindly towards that young man than he had done for many a day.

"Cheer up," he remarked, "there's other prizes besides the prize for the

ploughin'-match! Ye can but do your best, an' if ye fail, I dare say our Lyddy 'ull console ye."

He passed on, aglow with the sense of his own generosity, and Lyddy's face lit up as she turned to her hitherto unacknowledged sweetheart.

"Did ye hear that, Jim?" she cried eagerly.

"I heerd," rejoined Jim, without any very great appearance of elation.

"Well, he couldn't ha' spoke plainer nor yet kinder," cried the girl sharply.

"He mid ha' left that out about me doin' my best," rejoined Jim. "If I was to do my best, I wonder where he'd be—so cocksure as he d' seem to feel hisself now!"

"Don't *you* be settin' yourself up then," retorted Lyddy, with increasing acerbity. "I bain't at all sure as father wouldn't get the better of ye anyhow, an' if ye make so little o' me as to think what he did say jist now no comfort, I'm sure I'm sorry I axed the favor of ye."

Jim turned towards her with a red and angry face; but at this moment the signal was given for the trials to begin, and he hurried forward to take his place.

Old Robert and he, as had been anticipated, held the field between them, and the real interest of the day began when these two, having conquered all other competitors, were pitted against each other. Among the almost breathless spectators, none watched with more eagerness than Lyddy Inkpen. She looked on, indeed, with an anxiety that was almost terror. Jim had not spoken a word to her since her ill-advised taunt; he had not even once glanced in her direction. What if, nettled by what he took to be her ingratitude, and resenting her foolish boast, he should after all go back on his word?

The excitement was tumultuous when Robert Inkpen was finally proclaimed

the winner of the contest. Amid deafening applause he was presented with the prize; men fought for the privilege of carrying him to the Black Horse, where so many friends and admirers stood him treat that, had he not possessed a thoroughly well-seasoned head, he would have come home in an advanced stage of intoxication. As it was, his heart overflowed with kindness towards all mankind, and in particular towards the vanquished Jim.

"Where be that spark o' yours?" he inquired in a jovial tone. "Go an' fetch en. I'll ha' summat to say to en now."

Lyddy did not need to be told twice—she ran off at full speed to the cottage at the bottom of the hill, where Jim lodged with his spinster aunt. Jim was digging viciously in the little potato-plot at the rear.

She called his name softly as she bent over the hedge.

"Jim, dear Jim, I've got good noos for 'ee."

Jim paused, leaning on the handle of his spade.

"Oh, an' have 'ee?" he rejoined sarcastically. "Meanin' about your father winnin' the match? I've heerd a bit too much o' that a'ready."

"Nonsense, how could that be noos to ye? No, it be somethin' special—summat very particular. There, father d' say he do want to see ye."

"Oh, an' does he?" retorted Jim, whose repartees had a certain sameness.

"He does, indeed. I d' low he be a-goin' to say 'yes.'"

"What for?" said Jim, spitting on his hands, and falling to work again with disconcerting unconcern.

"Oh, Jim, you know!"

"I bain't so sure as I do," answered Jim, shovelling away the earth at a great rate. "I bain't so sure as I do want to see your father."

Lyddy drew back quickly, but stood for a moment looking down at him over the untrimmed hedge. He could see her face flush between the swaying boughs, and noticed how her hair shone in the sunlight, as with a little toss of the head she turned away. But, though she held herself so loftily and disdained further speech, the sound of a sob which she could not repress fell upon his ear.

"She'll think I a regular hard-hearted brute," he muttered to himself remorsefully.

He drove his spade slowly into the ground, and looked after the departing figure. If it had paused or turned its head, he would have flung away pride and sullenness, and started in pursuit; but Lyddy held on her way unfalteringly, if reluctantly, and presently was lost to sight.

"Tis all up now," groaned Jim, "an' there bain't her like in the parish."

Very gloomy and miserable did he remain all that evening, very gloomy and miserable did he arise on the following morning, after a night that would have been sleepless, had it been possible for a healthy young rustic to lie awake for other than bodily pain, and that, at least, was troubled. After partaking silently of the dew-bit which his Aunt Mary dutifully prepared for him, he sallied forth to his work.

The south-country ploughman is afoot before dawn, and the horses of which he was in charge were fed and watered by lantern-light. It was still twilight when he led them forth to the shadowy fields, and the plough, which had lain under the hedge since the previous day, seemed a dim and shapeless mass. He harnessed the horses with hands long accustomed to groping in the semi-darkness, but just as the patient beasts started up the furrow the light broke over the copse which crowned the down, and by the time they had twice plodded the length

of the great sloping field, the spring day had dawned in full splendor. It was very quiet up there; a hare scurried along the grassy border of the field, its light feet scarcely printing the dewy sod; the rooks, too, were circling overhead, and a solitary blackbird whistled on the still leafless bough of a great ash tree; but there was no human being in sight, and few probably astir in the neighborhood, ploughmen like himself, a shepherd or two, though lambing-time was over, and the womenfolk who ministered to them. It was not yet four o'clock, and even the most energetic village housewife would not consider it necessary to rise for another hour.

He was just about to turn at the lower end of the field, when the click of a latch made him look round, and to his astonishment he beheld a man entering the gate at the left-hand corner. A little man, somewhat bent, the morning light catching his white whiskers and his smock-frock—there was only one man in those parts who wore a smock-frock—Robert Inkpen.

"Whoa!" called out the latter as he advanced, throwing out his hand at the same time with a detaining gesture.

The horses obediently stood still, and Jim, though he still clutched the plough handles, halted, too, staring in amazement at the newcomer.

"I do want a word with 'ee afore ye do go up-along," said Robert, in a dull muffled tone. His face was gray and drawn, and he seemed to have aged ten years since the previous day.

"Well?" said Jim sulkily. He thought Inkpen had come to upbraid him for his incivility and his apparent slight of Lyddy.

"I do want a word with 'ee," repeated Robert slowly. "A strange tale did come to my ears last night, and I do want to get at the truth of it. There, 'tis the talk o' the place as you didn't do your best at the match yes-

terday—as you an' my darter Lyddy had it made up between ye that ye was to hang back a-purpose an' let me win. Now, I do want 'ee to contradic' that—I can't get any sense fro' Lyddy—she be a bit upset jist now, an' I can't get a straight answer one way or t'other; but I do know myself as the tale *can't* be true, an' I do want 'ee to contradic' it."

Jim's ruddy face had deepend in hue during this speech, and he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Why in the world can't folks mind their own business?" he cried. "Didn't they see ye win—bain't that enough for 'em?"

"Ees, they see'd me win—they see'd me right enough," rejoined Robert, drawing himself up, and endeavoring to assume an appearance of great unconcern, though his sidelong glance at the younger man was anxious enough. "But there's no persuadin' some of 'em that I beat ye fair—they do all say you wasn't anxious for to win."

"What makes the fools think that?" growled Jim.

"Fools, indeed," repeated Inkpen, with a forced chuckle. "I've a-been the ploughin' champion long before you was born—it bain't so very likely as I couldn't beat ye. But that there Tom Meadoway—'twas him as started the tale; he will have it as you told him not to have any bets on ye."

"Well," said Jim, now at bay "so I did. An' I told him, too, the reason why—I told en 'twas along o' the maid I was a-coortin' not carin' for bets."

"But you be a-coortin' our Lyddy, bain't ye?" inquired Robert.

Jim returned no answer.

"Of course," resumed the old man, "she wouldn't like to have folksbettin' again her father—I wonder why ye didn't come up to our place last night, Jim?"

"No need to talk o' that now," rejoined the other sullenly.

"True, true," agreed Robert hastily. "Maybe it wasn't convenient. Well, ye see, I do feel myself very much upset by this here mischeevoos gossip. There, yesterday, arter the match, folks couldn't make enough o' me; but when I stepped down two or three hours later to the Black Horse, Tom Meadoway had been there afore me, an' that tongue o' his, which be the longest an' the foolishest as ever I knowed, had been a-waggin', an' they was all a-titterin' an' a-nudgin' of each other, an' a-makin' out I were nothin' but a poor old sammy what had been took in an' humored like a child. They did say, one an' all, 'twas my maid's doin'—"

"An' what does she say?" growled Jim.

"Nothiu'—I can't get her to speak out."

"Well," rejoined Jim, "I won't say nothin' either."

Robert struck his stick sharply on the ground; his face was flushed; head and hand alike shook with anger.

"Now look 'ee here, Jim Fry, I be a-goin' to have an end o' this. I bain't a-goin' to lay down under sich treatment. You'll jist contradic' this here tale, or else you give up any notion ye may ever ha' had o' gettin' married to our Lyddy. Mind ye, the maid be fond on ye too."

Jim's face had been very sullen at the beginning of this onslaught, but at the last sentence it softened; his resolution was perceptibly shaken.

"What do you want me to do," he asked in an uncertain tone.

"Not so very much," cried Robert eagerly.

He pulled up his smock frock and plunged his hand into the depth of his trouser-pocket, producing a small, battered, and much thumbed book.

"Now this here be the Testament," he said. "I've a-got a bit o' paper inside" (producing a folded slip from be-

tween the blackened page). "I did write a few words on it, an' I do want ye first to swear as what I've a-wrote be true, and then to sign your name at the end on't. I've a-brought a pencil, too, look-see."

"What be wrote on the paper?" asked Jim huskily.

Robert unfolded the document, and, holding it very far from his eyes, read out its contents slowly:

"I swear on the Book as I, James Fry, was beat fair by Robert Inkpen at Oakleigh Ploughin' Match, an' that I done my best.' You jist takes the book in your right hand, look-see," he continued, "an' first ye kisses it, an' then ye says—" And here he dictated a peculiar and complicated form of oath, partly reminiscent of a certain episode in his youth when he had been called upon to give testimony in a sheep-stealing case, but supplemented by sundry expressions which he himself considered particularly forcible and binding.

"I were that upset last night," he continued, "that I couldn't so much as finish my glass at the Black Horse, an' I were forced to come straight home, an' then when I couldn't get no satisfaction out o' Lyddy I very' near went mad. I couldn't rest nohow till I got this paper wrote out, an' settled to start up here w'it first thing to-morn, an' now here I be. Now ye takes the book an' ye kisses it."

But Jim resolutely tucked away his hands behind him. In his extremity a mode of escape from the difficulty had presented itself.

"I 'on't do no such thing," he cried doggedly. "Why should I turn myself into a laughin'-stock for the parish? They could see for themselves an' they could judge for theirselves. That be enough. I bain't a-goin' to swear, nor yet to sign no papers. Let 'em think what they do like. Gee back!"

The horses, roused from their som-

nolent condition by this admonitory bellow and a jerk of the reins, accomplished the turn which had been previously interrupted, and went up the furrow again, leaving old Robert speechless with fury.

In vain, however, did he shake his fist, and, on presently recovering his voice, exhaust himself in threats and vituperation. The recalcitrant young ploughman paid no heed, and at last, breathless and trembling, Robert hobbled home.

He opened the door slowly, meeting the scared glances of his womenfolk with a countenance equally perturbed.

"He won't swear," he said in a voice that was scarcely articulate as he laid the Testament on the table. "He won't say nothin' nor yet swear nothin'. I'm to be disgraced—disgraced before the whole place."

He dropped into the nearest chair, Lyddy hastening forward to take his hat and stick. Her father fixed his dull eyes upon her.

"There's one thing, though, my maid," he said, in a voice which, though too faint to sound very angry, was resolute, "you an' him must think no more on each other. I settled that; my mind be made up on that p'int. I says to en 'If ye don't sign that paper ye must give up all thoughts o' marryin' my darter,' so he knowed what he were doin'."

Poor Lyddy burst into tears. "Oh, father, that be cruel!" she gasped. "The poor chap couldn't swear sich a thing. It 'ud ha' been a terr'ble wicked sin. He couldn't swear what wasn't true."

Robert's face, hitherto flushed an unnatural purple, assumed a leaden hue.

"What wasn't true?" he repeated slowly. "Be you a-tellin' me, then, as I didn't beat en fair—as he didn't try his best?"

"Nay now, nay now, don't look at me like that, father. 'Twas my fault

—'twas me what did persuade en. I thought ye'd be so set again him if he got the better of 'ee, and mother did think your heart 'ud be broke if ye was beat."

"So ye was all in it?" said the man, turning his gaze slowly upon his wife. "Ye was all in it—all makin' a fool o' me!"

"Dear o' me, Inkpen, I'm sure we done it for the best," sobbed the poor woman.

"Ye done very wrong," said Robert in the same muffled tone; "very wrong."

He made no reply to their tearful protests and explanations, and sat with his chin in his hands, refusing to partake of the food which they set before him. Once, with a renewal of his former passion, he snatched the paper from between the pages of the Bible and tore it into shreds; then he sank once more into apathy. He would not even rouse himself when his customary hour for going to work arrived, but sat staring blankly into the fire. On his wife timidly jogging his memory, he remarked that he didn't feel able for work that day. "Besides," he added gloomily, "I couldn't look the other folks i' the face."

It soon became evident that distress of mind had reacted on a body already enfeebled by age and infirmity, and further affected by the strain and effort of the previous day. Towards noon his wife persuaded him to go to bed, with little difficulty, for he was glad enough, as he said, to hide his head.

Shortly before sunset Lyddy was sitting alone in the kitchen, her mother having taken up her post by the sick man's bedside, when there came a timid tap at the door, and Jim Fry entered. He crossed the floor on tip-toe, and made as if he would put his arm around Lyddy's waist, but she indignantly repelled him.

"I don't know how ye can have the face to come here," she cried, springing to her feet. "Ye shamed me—ye gave me up, an' now I truly believe my father's dyin'."

Scarcely was the accusation made than she repented of its injustice.

"Well, I didn't ought to throw that in your teeth. Ye couldn't swear a lie, o' course, an' I mustn't forget 'twas for my sake as you did do what you did do. I can't blame ye for it, but it do seem as if I'd a-lost everything in one day—you, as didn't care to come up when I axed ye last night—an' now poor father himself. I reckon he'll never get up no more."

Jim had been staring at her with goggling eyes, nervously twisting the cap which he held in his hand.

"Where be that dalled paper?" he cried suddenly. "Fetch it here, my maid, an' I'll sign it."

"Oh, Jim, would ye?" exclaimed Lyddy, aghast, yet full of admiration and unwilling joy.

"Ees, I would," repeated Jim valiantly. "'Twas a thing what I did think at first I couldn't a-bear to do; but there, I'll do it for your sake, an' I'll swear to whatever he likes."

"Oh, Jim, would ye really? That 'ud bring father back to life fast enough, an' I d' low he'd be awful grateful to 'ee, but—"

As Jim turned towards her, however, she stifled all inconvenient qualms of conscience, and hurried off in search of the little Bible.

"But he tore that paper up!" she cried, suddenly recalling the fact. "Ees, I mind when he comed back he tore the paper up."

"Write it out again, then," said Jim resolutely. "Write it out an' then us'll go into en tighther an' I'll sign it on condition he gives I his word to let you an' me be married."

"Well, that 'ud only be fair," rejoined Lyddy. "I'm sure 'tis a won-

derful thing for any man to do, more particular sich a good man as you've allus been. But I reckon the A'mighty couldn't expect us to let father lay there and die for want of a word of comfort."

"Nay," agreed Jim, with an odd look, "the A'mighty wouldn't expect so much as that."

Lyddy soon possessed herself of a sheet of paper, and, as she remembered every word of the original document, had no difficulty in drawing up a duplicate.

"Now," said Jim in an eager whisper when it was finished, "you go in first an' tell en I be ready to swear all he wants, an' if ye'll fetch the pen I'll sign my name before his eyes."

"I hope we'll be forgiven if it's wrong," muttered Lyddy; yet she hurried forward, Jim following so close upon her heels that he found himself by Robert's bedside before the girl had had time to complete her announcement.

The little room was almost dark, and he could but dimly descry the lean figure of the old man under the coverings, while the curtain at the head of the bed partially concealed the watchful form of Mrs. Inkpen.

"What's that?" asked Robert sternly; and he raised his head a little from the pillow.

"Please, father, Jim Fry have come up to say he's changed his mind, and he be ready to swear what ye did want en to swear this morning, and to sign his name, too. An' I've a-wrote out a paper the same as the one you did tear up, an' he be all ready to do it now."

"Ees," agreed Jim.

Robert drew himself up to a sitting posture, and jerked the curtains to one side.

"Light a candle, wold 'ooman," he commanded; then, after Mrs. Inkpen had hastily obeyed: "Hand it here."

He held the flat tin candlestick at arm's length, so that the light fell full upon Jim's face, the pupils of his own eyes appearing like pins' heads as they fixed themselves on the young man.

"Now, my lad," he said, "tell me that again—tell me that yourself; an' you, Lyddy, keep quiet. He've a-got a tongue of his own I d' 'low."

Jim, astonished and confused once more, stated his intention of then and there complying with the request which he had previously refused.

"Ye be willin' to do it, be ye?" cried Inkpen, raising his voice. "Ye be willin' to swear to a lie?"

"It bain't a lie," returned Jim quickly.

He felt Lyddy flinch at his side, and heard her gasp faintly.

"It bain't a lie," he repeated, with more firmness, "an' to prove it bain't I'll swear over again as I be a-tellin' the truth."

"Oh, Jim, don't!" exclaimed Lyddy, appalled at this accumulation of iniquity. "There, it'll bring a judgment on ye. Nay, not if 'twas for my sake forty times over I couldn't bear it."

"Ye hear what the maid do say?" cried Robert, pointing an accusing finger at the culprit. "The very maid can't bide to hear ye say sich things. She've a-told I the truth, mind ye, an' I know so well as you do as it be a lie. Lyddy owned up as ye promised her not to do your best so as I could beat ye. I know as you be jist makin' a fool o' me. 'Tis a wonder the earth don't open an' swaller ye up."

Jim gave a desperate glance round.

"It'll all have to come out, I see," he said, after a pause, resignedly. "'Tis true what Lyddy did tell ye as I promised to let you win, an' when I went down to the field I'd made up my mind to do it; but her an' me had words—jist a few minutes afore the match began. Ye know ye didn't treat I fair, my maid," he added reproach-

fully. "You did twite I shameful."

Lyddy, who was gazing at him with a startled look, made no reply, and he went on hastily, turning again to the old man:

"She did twite I; she did boast as you could easy get the better of I, so I jist thought I'd let her see."

The gnarled hand which held the candlestick wavered, and Robert, leaning forward and supporting himself with the other arm, gazed eagerly at the speaker; his eyes were shining, his lips parted.

"I thought I'd start off in my best style," continued Fry, "an' gie her a good fright, an' I could easy make a mess at the end. But when we *was* started, Measter Inkpen, an' I found ye was a match for me—'ees, an' more nor a match—I clean give up the notion o' keepin' my promise; I jist settled to the job in hand. I done my very best to win that prize, but 'twas you was the better man."

The candlestick fell clattering to the floor, the candle being extinguished. A certain confusion ensued while Mrs. Inkpen recovered both, and sought for the matches; but meanwhile Robert had thrown himself back, crowing with laughter so loud and jubilant as to drown the whispered discussion which took place between the young couple.

When the candle had been lighted and placed in safety on a corner of the chest of drawers, Jim, with a very red face, was found to be clasping struggling Lyddy round the waist.

"Fetch that there paper!" cried Robert, sitting up again with the agility of a jack-in-the-box. "Let go of the maid, ye foolish feller, an' come here an' sign!"

"I'll sign in a minute," rejoined Jim; "but I must make friends wi' Lyddy first. Tell her she must forgive an' forget, Measter Inkpen, same as you've a-done."

"There, forgive en, maidie, forgive en," chuckled Robert. "He be a good chap an' straight-forrard, jist about."

"I bain't so sure o' that," said Lyddy, not harshly, however.

"Nay, now, he be," asserted her father. "Come, forgive an' forget, my dear, same as I be a-doin'—leastways, I'll *forgive*—haw, haw! But I can't say as I'll ever forget!"

It is to be presumed that Lyddy ultimately forgave her persistent suitor, for they were married very soon after-

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wards; but it is by no means certain that she fulfilled the last part of the precept, for there were occasions—on market days and the like—when she reminded her husband of his liability to trip.

As for Robert, his triumph seemed to give him a new lease of life, and though he and his son-in-law were ever on the most amicable terms he never failed to assert his own pre-eminence as the ploughing champion.

M. E. Francis.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CASTRO.

President Castro of Venezuela again holds the stage. It is Holland's turn this time. The whys and the wherefores are complex and entangled, as matters Venezuelan, more especially under the Castro régime, are wont to be. The Dutch complain of ill-treatment of all sorts meted out to their subjects by the arbitrary Castro Government, of the ruin to the trade of their West Indian colonies by Venezuelan official measures, dating several years back, and finally of gross violation of international courtesy, verging on insult to their diplomatic representative, who had been unceremoniously handed his papers, with the request that he should vacate Venezuelan territory forthwith.

This is, mutatis mutandis, a repetition of the story of a few years ago when the French diplomatic representative at Caracas was equally unceremoniously dismissed. The French Government then, even as the Dutch government now, was greatly annoyed; there was talk of blockade, whispers of invasion, orders given to men-of-war to prepare for a protracted and aggressive cruise on the Caribbean along the Venezuelan coast, and much comment as to what the United States would allow and as to what, in the ex-

ercise of their paternal solicitude for the liberty and independence of the Latin-American nations, they would and would not tolerate. Matters, however, subsided in due course, the days, the weeks and the months acted as a balm upon the wounded spirit of French pride, which had to content itself by retaliation. The Venezuelan Chargé d'Affaires was ousted from France; and the world forgot the incident. It was very much as in the case of the Spanish popular ditty, describing the action of a vain braggart: "He set his hat firmly upon his head, his hand upon the pommel of his sword, he spat viciously sideways, looked most fiercely around him, and . . . walked away without any further ado." In connection with these events, it is to be remembered that the cantankerousness of Castro has in its turn been displayed towards the United States itself on more than one occasion, as well as to Germany, Italy and England. The joint naval demonstration of these three Powers at the close of 1902 achieved some result, as it brought about a settlement of certain pending debts. Ostensibly it was undertaken for the purpose of coercing Venezuela to pay her debts to German, Italian

and English subjects; the whole thing was said to be engineered by the German Government. It is believed, notwithstanding the avowed reasons given at the time, that the real object of the undertaking, on the part of its principal promoter, was to test the elasticity of the Monroe doctrine. Germany, it is supposed, wanted to ascertain the possibility of acquiring territory either on the mainland, or, preferably, the rich and fertile island of Maragarita, to satisfy her longings for Colonial expansion. But at this moment the United States became excited and stepped in, claiming that the Monroe doctrine would not allow of any landing of forces, nor of any permanent occupation of territory. The fleets withdrew after a few desultory bombardments of practically defenceless sea-ports, the sinking of a few obsolete small craft constituting the Venezuelan navy, and the killing of a few helpless Venezuelans on board of the sunken ships and ashore. In this retrospect one should not forget that a German man-of-war, the "Panther," was prevented from entering the lake of Maracaibo through the plucky action of a Venezuelan captain, who, with a gun of ancient description, but with a most modern aim, induced the courageous German commander, after two fruitless attempts, in each of which his hull received a cannon shot, to turn his course northwards again, to the open sea.

In the present instance the Dutch Government—so the ever truthful and well-informed daily newspapers inform us—have received permission from the United States to blockade the Venezuelan ports, but have been forbidden to invade the territory, and consequently to seize any portion of it. This prohibition is as superfluous as might be the injunction to a private individual, on allowing him to walk up and down in front of the lions at the foot of the

Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, not to take them home with him upon his shoulders. And the reason is obvious. The invasion of Venezuela would be no mean task for a great military Power, and as for the Dutch it is absolutely beyond their power. The invasions of small countries, as recent history shows, are apt to become most unpleasant and painfully surprising undertakings to the powerful; the experience of the Americans in the Philippine Islands, of England in South Africa, and of the French in Madagascar and Morocco is to the point.

In his differences from the United States Castro has scored. Amongst the principal motives of contention was the dispute anent certain asphalt lakes or deposits, in which American citizens claimed to have been flagrantly defrauded of their rights by the Venezuelan despot. An enterprising American periodical sent a well-known American journalist to Venezuela to make an independent investigation of the questions at issue. Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who was selected for the performance of the task, reported in his articles, which were published in New York, that it was not a quarrel between honest and upright Americans and a rascally Government. According to him rascality, in all possible shapes and forms, was rampant on both sides, and the black pitch of the lake, he said, had besmeared not only the Venezuelan Government and its officials, but many Americans in all walks of life, social and political, merchants, bankers, promoters, members of Congress, and even higher personages. After threats that went as far as the announcement of an ultimatum, the anger of the White House subsided; later on diplomatic relations between the two countries were suspended, and whatever the intentions of Mr. Root and Mr. Roosevelt may be, Castro still reigns unmolested and un-

daunted, as the Dutch incident clearly demonstrates.

The Venezuelan explanation of the surprising tameness of the American Government in the asphalt disputes with Venezuela, and of a similar spirit of forbearance on the part of the French Government in its dispute about the Franco-Venezuelan cable, is that Castro holds documents that would fix most unsavory responsibilities on influential American and French politicians. *Hinc illae lacrimeae.* Some Dutch official has been reported as saying that the time has come to decide whether Castro or the outraged conscience of the civilized world is to prevail. That is the rub. Who is to bell the cat, even in the absence of the pretended damning documents held by Castro? The rivalries and antagonisms of interests and ambitions amongst the Great Powers, and the touchiness of the United States in all matters affecting Latin America, are a bulwark of protection for Castro, who knows wherein his own strength lies, and acts accordingly.

As regards his own people it is to be assumed that they are not happy. Castro is a despot, and as irresponsible and unscrupulous as ever despot was. He maintains some semblance of constitutional government in the outward form. The country is divided into federal sections, so-called sovereign states, as is the United States of America; there are State Legislatures and a National Congress, but there is no Governor of a state, nor member of the Legislatures or of the Congress, either in the Upper or the Lower House, who

dares call his soul his own, and all parliamentary action either in the sections or in the National Assembly is characterized by a most suspicious unanimity. With Castro, as with his various fellow despots in the neighboring countries, the exercise of public power is a personal business for personal ends. All the industries that are susceptible of it are converted into grinding monopolies, which are given to the favorites and accomplices in the work of spoliation, and the rights thus granted are violated whenever it suits Castro's convenience, even though they be held by foreigners, as was proved by the recent repeal of the match and salt monopolies owned in England. The result of all this to the welfare of the people may be easily imagined; yet the people can do nothing: they are absolutely helpless, for Castro has the army with him, and the army is the one decisive element of government in countries like Venezuela.

We will mention one more anomaly in this tangle of incomprehensible social and political conditions. It is true that Castro is hated by the people of Venezuela; it is true that at home the slightest sign of discontent, or of remonstrance, would be heavily punished; it is true that the only newspapers allowed are those that sing exclusively hymns of praise of Castro, of his greatness, of his ability, of his magnanimity; yet, were Venezuela attacked in earnest by a foreign Power, Castro would at once find himself acclaimed as the hero of the national defence. What is to be the end of it all?

THE PLEASURES OF WASTE.

Some people take a pleasure in waste. It gives them a momentary but distinct sense of happiness to waste something, and the delight of wasting figures largely in youthful dreams of prosperity. "Enough money to throw away!" The phrase expresses literally many men's notion of desirable riches. It is very unreasonable, if one thinks of it, to wish for more money than we desire to use, give, or leave; but human nature is unreasonable, and hoarding and wasting both seem instinctive in many natures. Some children show a love of destruction for which it is impossible to account, and others a keenness in adding to any form of collection, though of the least attractive object, which is equally incomprehensible. We do not, of course, consider that a man takes pleasure in wasting who deliberately calculates that certain economies, though desirable in themselves, are not worth the expenditure of time and thought necessary to carry them out. The majority of Englishmen, each in his separate sphere, have come to this conclusion. A man may set a very false value upon his own time, and grudge thought to his expenditure which might better be given to it; but neither of these mistakes proves that he is capable of the strange sense of enjoyment which we are discussing,—a sensation common among the low-minded and not unknown among very high-minded people.

We have been told that it is not uncommon for casual paupers in the various workhouses to insist upon having the last crumb of bread allowed by the law, though they cannot eat it. It gives them positive pleasure that the food should be wasted. Perhaps a clever "casual" might reply to this accusation that he is merely guarding the rights of future paupers with larger

appetites than his own. It is, however, more than unlikely that such *esprit de corps* explains the frequency of the offence, for this is not the only instance in which the tramping class display their love of waste. They will beg importunately of cottagers who they know cannot afford to give them money, but who often do not like to refuse food, and then when they have got what perhaps the giver can ill spare they throw it away. Whether it gives them a momentary sense of affluence to feel that they have got more than they want, or whether the wasteful act is but an expression of that lawlessness which finds a further and even more repulsive expression in abstinence from the good custom of ablution, it is impossible to say. Wherever ostentation comes in the pleasure derivable from waste is in part explained; but even then it is not altogether comprehensible. That a man should be proud of his wealth we can all understand, and that he should seize upon the readiest method of displaying it is natural enough; but how can we account for the fact that his dependents like to watch him doing it? One could readily believe that the sight of waste should produce bitterness in persons of small means whose work in life obliged them to watch it, but it seems incredible that it should produce admiration. It is undeniable, however, that a great many domestic servants think more of their employers because they waste, and people who would not steal a pin take a pleasure in systematic improvidence. Perhaps it is possible in a roundabout manner to connect this feeling with a good quality. Servants identify themselves with their employers in an admirably loyal manner, and are pleased when the glory of the householder glorifies the household, and the sad thing

is that their conception of what reflects honor should be so mistaken. Love of power, and admiration for power in the abstract, are inevitable. Money gives power, and vulgar people enjoy and admire it as displayed in waste, just as wicked people do in cruelty. Possibly, also, the bringing up of servants too often leads them to connect economy with poverty, and poverty with squalor. Sometimes in their delight at being rid of the last they thoughtlessly banish the first. Employers not seldom descant upon the difficulty of persuading servants to care for their masters' goods as they would care for their own. But it has to be remembered that in the eyes of a wasteful servant there is something ideal about the ability to waste. He treats his employer's goods as he thinks he would treat his own if he were as rich as he takes that employer to be.

There may be excuses for all the enjoyment of waste which we have been considering, but, take it as a whole, it is a low feeling condemned by the best individuals of every class. Good servants and good workmen intend at least to make the most of everything, and many of them are genuinely scandalized by wanton wastefulness. Not long ago the present writer observed a respectable working woman having tea in a confectioner's shop. Before pouring out her tea she began to stir the pot, which was half full of tea-leaves. "Why, there's enough for six!" she exclaimed in genuine dismay. "How sinful!"

But the really interesting thing about the love of waste is that there are high-minded people who cannot deny that they understand it,—that they can conceive the pleasure, because they have felt it. As a rule, however, the agreeable sensation of which they are conscious only follows upon the wasting of money. To put a loaf of bread upon the fire would give them the

keenest pain, but they are tempted to throw away the price of many loaves. The other day the present writer heard a man of the highest character, incapable of contracting debts, who has worked hard all his life, has known the want of money, and has never been extraordinarily rich, admit that, having dropped a sovereign, he had felt the temptation to gratify an instinct by not picking it up. This, no doubt, is an extreme instance; but in a lesser degree we do not think that the feeling is uncommon. About smaller coins have not many of us felt it? Is there not more than one person among our readers who, having dropped some pence in a railway train, has groped after them solely for fear he should appear ostentatious, or should pain some poor person, or set a bad example to some boy, and who, had he been alone, would have experienced a slight sense of pleasure in leaving them where they were? Or, to take a still smaller instance, have not many of us walked through a town after being for some while in the country, and been suddenly astonished, and rather ashamed, to find ourselves gazing into shop-windows, our whole minds set upon buying something,—not longing for the beautiful things we could not afford, not seeking any definite article whatever, but simply desiring to exchange the loose money in our pockets for something—anything—else; in fact, actually bent upon experiencing the pleasure of waste? The most determined self-ridicule is impotent to prevent the constant recurrence of this curious instinct in those in whom it is inherent. What is the origin of this feeling? Is the mind of the man who is thus tempted to waste throwing back to some spendthrift great-grandfather? Possibly; but we think the source of the feeling is further to seek. There is something of the savage in us all. In the men

and women who feel strongly this temptation to waste money the connection between coin and commodities is not very close. With their brains they know the worth of money, in abstract questions of finance they often show astonishingly good sense, and in large sums they may even be somewhat close; but in some subconscious region of their minds they are not yet con-

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vinced of the representative character of dirty bits of metal. They please that simpler self when they refuse to take the slightest trouble to recover a missing shilling, and they feel a secret gratification, rising to the level of a conscious sensation of pleasure, when they exchange a bit of dull silver or copper for any less unattractive object.

THE ENTENTE OF AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA.

It is natural for British opinion to be moved by surprise, at least as much as by pleasure, at the spectacle of the enterainment of the American battle fleet in the great Australian ports, and the unbounded warmth of its reception by the people and the statesmen of the Commonwealth. The demonstration is said to have been more cordial than the greeting to the Prince of Wales at the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament, and is compared with the frenzy of emotion with which Paris received the sailors of the Russian fleet. Mr. Deakin, the head of the Commonwealth Ministry, admits that the visit was arranged, and that it was designed by him to enforce a policy on which he and other Australian statesmen have long been at issue with the Imperial Government, namely, the creation of an Australian Navy. The "Westminster Gazette," indeed, points out that Mr. Deakin did not, as Reuter's report indicated, invoke the example of the American Navy as an incitement to Australia to build another such fleet as the only means of securing her against "outside injustice and injury." He only appealed for the building of a Navy "which would rank in time among the real defence forces of the Empire." But even in the modified version the speech strikes us as a somewhat sensational development

of the march of colonial self-government. We are on the best terms with the United States; had our relationship been cold and strained, the visit would not have taken place. But it seems to us strong measure for an Australian statesman to use a foreign fleet as a means of forwarding a project which is not approved by the Admiralty, and is regarded by them as an entirely wrong development of Imperial Defence. Mr. Deakin is still fighting his battle for an Australian Navy. The Admiralty support, as they are bound to support, the opposite policy of Colonial aids to the great force which guarantees the safety of Australasian territory, of a unified command, and of concentration on the seas which wash these shores. It is clear that Mr. Deakin rejects these theories, so far as they hamper his view of Australian naval policy. He uses the American fleet—"the last word in the art of naval construction," as he calls it—as a plea for the "creation" of a separate Australian scheme of "naval defence." As we have no real control over Australian policy, it is certain that Mr. Deakin will prevail, especially as Canada cherishes a like ambition for itself. The Australian subsidy of £240,000 to the Imperial Navy will be withdrawn, and a small, and entirely useless, Australian squadron will take its place.

The special point of attraction in the Canadian case is the United States, in the Australian case it is Japan, and, as Mr. Archibald Hurd points out in the "Fortnightly Review," Canada must provide a fleet comparable to the American Navy, and Australia aim at a counterpart to the sea-power of Japan, before these visions can even approach reality.

The truth is, however, that Australia's desire for an independent Navy, in "alliance" with our own, is merely a fresh embodiment of the nationalism which has informed her politics for a generation, and which federation has powerfully aided. Australia has always desired to act alone. She would have liked to govern Imperial policy in the Pacific before and after the day when Sir Thomas McIlwraith "annexed" New Guinea, and was disavowed by the Colonial Office. Even when she joined an enterprise of the Mother Country like the South African War, she did so largely with the desire, expressed to a distinguished Englishman by Mr. Deakin himself, to "blood" her young people, to furnish them with a passage of adventure in the early history of their State. This feeling, consistent as it may be with a feeling of loyalty to the Motherland, finds ready expression in contact with the American people. All visitors to the Colonies are struck by the points of superficial likeness between the Colonial and many prevailing American types—their self-confidence and buoyancy, their *newness*, their sharply defined and rather material views of life, and their highly developed vision of an organized commercial and industrial democracy unknown to our more delicately shaded and conservative society. Resembling the Americans, the free colonial peoples resemble each other still more. And in one point of exterior policy they are in close harmony with the later, though not the earlier devel-

opments of American opinion. The American fleet was invited to Australia in close sequence on the anti-Japanese riots on the Pacific coasts of Canada and the United States, and the Mayor of Sydney took care to emphasize, in the address of welcome, the identity of views on the color question, and especially on Asiatic immigration. Here, indeed, Australia has led America, and has done as a considered and consistent policy what the States are beginning to do as a consequence of later teachings of the dark evangel of race hatred and fear. And here, again, British and Colonial policy does not move from the same springs. Few South Africans or Australians see with pleasure the admission of Asiatics or negroes to London clubs and the terms of equality on which they subsist with British people of all classes. Many cherish more or less consciously the idea of the old-fashioned Boer that such races as the Kaffirs belong to an inferior, half-finished creation, with doubtful pretensions to a soul. And all "Colonials" are firmly possessed of the notion that the standard of life must be maintained by white men for white men, and that a mixed industrial order, based on inter-marriage and joint government by white and black or yellow, is incompatible with civilization.

It is obviously impossible for an Australian holding such views to approve the action of this country in entering on an equal alliance with Japan. The Anglo-Japanese alliance may and should mean a great easing of the situation in respect of Asiatic immigration, a useful guarantee of peace, if not of good feeling, between white and yellow Governments in the Pacific. But Australia is much more disposed to regard it as a concession to the doctrine of color-equality on which that portion of the British Empire which is self-governing is no longer

built. For that reason, she is pleased to see the hand of the United States stretched between her northern shores and Japan—pleased to secure the patronage and support of the Great Republic, fresh from her anti-Japanese agitation. We have, indeed, to admit that on a great range of questions in which British commercial interests and British feeling develop on one line, Australian and free Colonial feeling is firmly established on another, which now happens to be distinctly American. It does not, of course, follow that because the United States and the two federated Anglo-Saxon communities—which will soon be three—think alike on such questions as Protection, the color problem, and hereditary aristocracy, and because their internal governments belong more distinctly to the

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Republican than to the Monarchical type, there will be separation. Already the tie between the self-governing colonies and ourselves is one of alliance rather than of dependence, and the Liberal conception of these relationships was always based on sympathy and on freedom. Probably, South Africa, Canada, and Australia are, and will remain, almost as safe from invasions as from the Black Death. But we confess that we think the Colonies do not always realize, in the later developments of their politics, how much moral force they owe to the home connection, and how great would be their loneliness in the world of new Empires and old ambitions if the *prestige* of the Imperial Power and the support of the Imperial Navy were withdrawn from them.

THE EXCELLENCE OF HUMAN NATURE.

The human spirit or essence is on the whole a greatly maligned affair. When men say, "That is human nature" they do not always mean compliment, and quite frequently they mean the reverse. Indeed, the modern excuse for peccability and downright obliquity would seem to be "human nature"—which in the lump, say the wise, is a bad lot. For all that there are persons in the world who believe in the ultimate goodness of humanity. Of course, goodness is a quality which some philosophers do not greatly prize. When the critic of humanity wishes in some sort to belaud the species his method is to look rather for greatness than for goodness. Hence it comes to pass that for fifty monuments to greatness you will find one to goodness, and that usually a very little one. Yet we all know in our secret hearts that it is goodness which matters. For while it is not in the power of every man to

be great, it is well within the power of every man to be good. And by goodness, of course, it is not necessary that we should mean such-and-such a view of morality and still less such-and-such a view of religion or theology. To be good really is to be human—unwarped, unsoured, and possibly unwise, as the world is supposed to go. And it is not, as we know, to be free from either failing or fault. In our mind the great beauty of human nature, or, as we may say, human goodness, is that when you put it to supreme tests it works out always triumphant, and comes up smiling, as it were. Whether your subject be gentle or simple, cultivated or unlettered, devout or otherwise, this is so. During the week, in an obscure and huddled-away public garden, known because of its propinquity to St. Martin's-le-Grand as the Postman's Park, there have been erected a row of

twenty-two tablets to commemorate the self-sacrifice and human goodness, or, as the reporters put it, "heroic deeds" of twenty-two comparatively undistinguished human persons. The point and meaning of these tablets may be best inferred from the inscriptions which they bear:

Ernest Benning, compositor, aged twenty-two, upset from a boat one dark night off Pimlico Pier, grasped an oar with one hand, supporting a woman with the other, but sank as she was rescued.

William Fisher, aged nine, lost his life in Rodney Road, Walworth, while trying to save his little brother from being run over.

George Frederic Simonds, of Islington, rushed into a burning house to save an aged widow and died of his injuries.

George Lowdell, bargeman, drowned when rescuing a boy at Blackfriars. He had saved two other lives.

Edward Blake, drowned while skating at the Welsh Harp waters, Hendon, in attempting to rescue two unknown girls.

Edward Morris, aged ten, bathing in the Grand Junction Canal, sacrificed his life to help his sinking companion.

Geoffrey Maule Nicholson, manager of a Stratford distillery, George Elliott and Robert Underhill, workmen, successively went down a well to rescue a comrade and were poisoned by gas.

Amelia Kennedy, aged nineteen, died in trying to save her sister from their burning house, Stoke Newington.

Edmund Emery, of 272, King's Road, Chelsea, passenger, leapt from a Thames steamboat to rescue a child and was drowned.

William Donald, of Bayswater, aged nineteen, railway clerk, was drowned in the Lea trying to save a lad from a dangerous entanglement of weed.

Harry Sisley, of Kilburn, aged ten, drowned in attempting to save his brother after he himself had been rescued.

George Blencowe, aged sixteen, when a friend bathing in the Lea cried for help, went to his rescue and was drowned.

Eliza Coghlan, aged twenty-six, of Church Path, Stoke Newington, died saving her family and house by carrying blazing paraffin out into the yard.

Arthur Strange, carman, of London, and Mark Tomlinson, in a desperate venture to save two girls from a quicksand in Lincolnshire, were themselves engulfed.

John Clinton, of Walworth, aged ten, was drowned after an effort to save a playfellow who had fallen into the river.

It will be seen that these noble persons are all of them what certain writers might term "heroes in humble life." Furthermore, quite a number of them were young children. Without wishing in the smallest degree to detract from the honor and excellence which now attaches to their names and memories, it is certain that few people will read these inscriptions and the like of them without reflecting that in similar circumstances nine persons out of ten would do exactly as much as these "heroes" did. It is human to do as much, and it is being continually done. Scarcely a week passes in which the newspapers do not have to record instances of extraordinary, unhesitating, and moving self-sacrifice on the part of human beings without distinction of condition or sex, and even without distinction as to age. Little children can show us, and do show us, how to die when the occasion arises. So do bargemen and carters and laborers and sempstresses and flower-girls and women employed at the backs of theatres. Most of these people are uneducated and unlettered, and they have not been instructed in the philosophies as to death or heroism. Yet they are capable of giving up their lives without so much as a thought, without reflection, as if those lives were of no possible moment, and we know that really they are not singular or alone in this quality, which in effect is a gen-

eral and approximately universal human quality. Therefore, we think, it is plain that we have after all ample and sound reasons for being proud of human nature, and for respecting it and believing in it, and being thankful for it. And this being so it would appear to behove us to remember that human nature is a great and creditable affair, not only when we think or write of it, but in our handling or conduct of all the matters of life. The common notion that the common man is of small consequence and not seriously to be considered in the working out of the scheme of the world is a grave and perilous and impertinent error. Take, for example, your rough, unlearned, and, it may be, coarse-mouthed hod-bearer. His place in the order of things is to labor and bear burdens for you; and to encourage contempts for him, no matter how general those contempts may be or how particular they may be, is to fall into grave and serious misconception both with regard to the hod-bearer and oneself. For in that rough-and-ready, hard-swearng, hard-drinking, hard-living, unnotable person you have a potential and for that matter actual embodiment of human goodness and nobility. Happily, a common man, or any other sort of man, is not sure to

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be called upon to exercise the goodness within him to the point of sacrificing or laying down his life. But when he is so called upon we know that he will make the sacrifice. It is therefore, that he should be considered with respect and treated with respect, and in purveying for him certain spiritual and worldly things which we believe him to require we should bear always in mind his innate nobility, and in no circumstances should we countenance or tolerate the convenient conventional slanders about "human nature."⁴ One hears a great deal nowadays about the necessity for "writing down" to the common man. Much endeavor is spent in this direction and much profit seems to attach to it. If we only knew, our real business and difficulty are to write up to him. Our writing should not appeal to what we cynically consider the baser side of him, but simply and solely and always to what we know is the nobler and more excellent side of him. It is impossible really to destroy the greatness and goodness that are rooted in him by reason of his humanity. But to overlook that greatness and goodness and, especially, to deny it and pretend that for practical purposes it is not there, is to make a wanton and scandalous mock of God's handiwork.

THE COLOR RED.

It has been asserted, and the theory has many disciples, that color exercises a great influence over character. If this be true, it accounts for the importance of certain colors over others at various periods, and among various nations. Of all colors, red is the one round which innumerable superstitions have gathered and it has exercised a vast influence, for good and evil, among all sorts and conditions of peo-

ples, from the dawn of civilization down to the present day. History tells us of the partiality of uncivilized man for bright colors. They appear to excite in savages the pleasure they do in children, for primitive peoples receive education mostly through the senses. We see from the fragments that remain of prehistoric man that the sense of color was fully developed long before the period of the *Iliad* or of the

Book of Genesis. Brilliant colors have always pleased warlike people and it is therefore natural that red should be the favorite. In its most vivid tints it has a great effect upon the senses: the color of blood excites to action and encourages to combat. At the present day red pigment is used by all uncivilized races. New Zealanders paint their skins red; the Indian negress adorns herself in a red turban; the tribes of Central Africa are bribed with yards of red calico; in all parts of the world the partiality for this color is to be seen. In an account of a mission to the Philippines we read that no native was allowed to wear red until he had established his reputation for skill and bravery by killing a man.

During the ancient periods of Greek and Roman civilization, red played a large part in the life history of the peoples. Warriors coated their bodies with the color when they returned home as conquerors; they also celebrated the event by daubing the statues of Jupiter and of the lesser gods, while great lords adopted the same custom to emphasize their power and superiority. In ancient times, as in the present day, especially in Italy where relics of paganism still linger in various forms, sex was distinguished by color. When art was in its infancy it was customary to paint the garments of the males red and of the females blue; thus it happened that the Madonna and other holy women were always clothed in the latter color, while St. Joseph, the Apostles, and masculine saints are generally represented as dressed in the former. This dedication of color still exists in Rome and other parts of Italy; an infant when it is baptized has a ribbon of the special color of its sex pinned on to its robe. Red is also indissolubly associated with the pomp and splendor of Empire and with all the national sentiments which in England cling to Roy-

alty. This was probably the reason which caused King John, while conferring certain privileges on the Jews, to insert in the Act a special clause forbidding them to buy, and presumably to wear, scarlet cloth on any pretext whatever. It is curious that red should also be symbolical of anarchy. During the French Revolution scarlet was the color of the apostles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. They wore it on their heads as caps; they waved it in their hands as flags. Nay, are not Londoners familiar with the latter, fluttering in the breeze to the tune of the *Marseillaise* round the lions in Trafalgar Square?

Many curious and interesting superstitions have gathered round this color. The majority have died out with the advent of better education, but some still remain. The antipathy to red hair is to this day very prevalent in England and Wales among the peasantry, though the preference shown it by Sir Edward Burne-Jones has caused it to become the rage with the cultured few. Still, there exist many people who maintain, in spite of numberless evidences to the contrary, that red hair, besides being ugly, is the invariable sign of a fiery and deceitful temper; some even go so far as to refuse to have a red-haired servant in the house. In many places the presence of such a person was considered unlucky, and among the fishing villages of the north of England if one entered a cottage while a line was being made or baited, bad fortune was certain to come if the end was not immediately passed round a crook or through the fire. A fisherman also considered it most unlucky to meet a red-haired person, and the spell could only be broken if he turned round and walked a few steps back again. Many good people in Shropshire are firmly convinced that should a person with ruddy locks be the first to enter a house on New Year's Day a

death will inevitably take place in it during the year. The superstition about red hair obtains in Italy, and the prejudice is expressed in the proverb:—

Capelli rossi, o tutto fuoco o tutto mosci,
(Red hair, either all fire or all softness.)

In ancient days the color was supposed to cure all manner of diseases, and the belief in its efficacy exists in some countries at the present day. It was especially considered to have a healing effect on smallpox, for which it was applied both externally and internally. John of Gaddesdon, physician to Edward II, describes how he cured one of the Royal princes who was suffering from this terrible disease. He says, "I took care that everything round the bed should be of red color, which succeeded so completely that the prince was restored to perfect health, with only the vestige of a pustule remaining." From another source we obtain still further details concerning Doctor John Gaddesdon's treatment of his patient. It appears that he caused the unfortunate prince to be wrapped up in red blankets and covered with a red counterpane, while he gave him red juice of pomegranates to drink and red mulberry wine to gargle with. So late as 1765 we learn that the Emperor Francis I, who was suffering from smallpox, was ordered to be wrapped up in scarlet cloth. The treatment on this occasion, however, cannot be considered an unqualified success, as the patient died. Even in Japan the belief in red, as a cure for smallpox, was universal, for in a history of the country we are told that the Royal children, when suffering from the malady, were placed in rooms surrounded by red hangings and their attendants were obliged to wear scar-

let clothes. Other diseases besides smallpox are supposed to be cured by the application of this color. The inhabitants of the West of Scotland and of the West Indies wrap a piece of red cloth or flannel round children's throats to protect them from whooping cough, while early in the nineteenth century a shop in Fleet Street still sold pieces of red cloth for those suffering from scarlet fever—the remedy in all these cases being supposed to lie in the color and not in the material. Sore throats were also cured by wearing a charm concealed in a red bag, while a skein of scarlet silk tied round the neck with nine knots in front was a sure preventive against nose bleeding; if the sufferer were a woman, the knots must be tied by a man, and *vice versa*.

Besides being a sure and certain cure for most of the ills that flesh is heir to, there is also a widespread belief that this color has the effect of driving away evil spirits. In certain parts of Scotland no one would think of turning cows out to grass for the first time without making them evil-spirit proof by tying a piece of scarlet worsted round their tails; it is to be hoped they cannot see it, for we all know what an irritating effect red has on cows. In New Zealand, after a death the house of the deceased is painted with this color to prevent the entry of demons and bad spirits, and wherever the corpse rested on its journey to the grave, some rock, tree, or stone was colored to protect the departed spirit; the body also was painted red before it was abandoned. At the present day the Chinese carry red cloth in their pockets and braid their children's hair with red silk to protect them from evil spirits.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A Dictionary of English Literature, by M. Croben, is published in the pretty little Miniature Reference Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The work of selection and compression in preparing this tiny handbook is surprisingly well done.

Two volumes of Mark Pattison's Essays appear in the New Universal Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.). They are upon historical, literary and religious subjects, and are thoughtful and somewhat recondite. It is a pity that the exigencies of space made it necessary to present them, in this edition, with a page which exacts so much of the reader's eyesight.

"The Millers and Their New Home," by Mrs. Clara Dillingham Pierson, is the fourth volume of the series in which the adventures and experiences of the three little Miller children are described. The author has learned the way to the hearts of children through the best possible school, the care of children in her own home; and she writes accordingly with a naturalness, simplicity and interest which appeal strongly to young readers. The little book is prettily illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Arthur J. Eddy's "Ganton & Co." is a study of Chicago morals and manners of such a temper as would have infuriated the Windy City in the days when "The Cliff Dwellers" was written, although when compared with a certain recent notorious composition it seems moderate. The king of the packers and his sons; the entire subordination of the men constituting the machinery of a modern industry; the behavior of women intent upon being conspicuous in public places and at private entertainments, the inevita-

ble ruin of the speculator, and the corrupt practices of those labor leaders who originate and terminate strikes at the convenience of employers are the principal subjects as to which the author desires to disturb the prevailing American self-complacency. He writes with sufficient force to effect his object as far as ordinary readers are concerned, and produces an interesting book. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The last Victorian war and the contemplation of English society in the reign of the first of the Coburgs seem to have changed Miss Marie Corelli's early ambition to blend the literary traits of Ouida and the author of "The Prince of the House of David" into a genuine desire to correct evil practices and to neutralize or destroy evil influences, and her later novels are missionary efforts. Her newest book, "Holy Orders," although by far too despondent in tone, inasmuch as it entirely overlooks the great improvement in the drinking habits of Englishmen since King George's glorious days, is a powerful ally for the leaders of the total abstinence movement, and as such will doubtless be duly valued. The hero is an Anglican clergyman, and it is through his sermons, given at length, that Miss Corelli sends her message to her readers. They alternate with melodramatic incidents, one of which, an evil woman's fatal balloon voyage, is undeniably original and well imagined. As a story, the novel has merit, although it is often verbose; and the social and political lessons of which it is the vehicle will not be ineffectual although destructive of its artistic value. To this any reader of insight will perceive that the author is profoundly indifferent, and he will lay the book aside trusting that it will in

some measure accomplish her purpose.
Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Although Rev. M. R. J. Campbell's religious opinions, or rather his denials of religious opinion have not yet greatly disturbed Americans, still, as every English aberration of thought, scientific, literary or religious, invariably finds a reflection, less or more distorted, in American thought, it is hardly to be supposed that the present subject of popular discussion in England will be an exception. As a Congregationalist, Mr. Campbell occupies a position of less importance in his own country than might be his in the United States; but the secular newspapers have given him so much notoriety that any reader dependent entirely upon them for knowledge might well suppose that both the English church and the English creed were in danger of destruction and extinction. Those who find this prospect disagreeable may discover its fallaciousness by reading Mr. Hakling Egerton's two papers "Liberal Theology" and "The Ground of Faith," now brought together in one volume, to which the former paper gives the title. To summarize either Mr. Campbell's body of unbelief or Mr. Egerton's learned technical essays, is to risk adding one more element of error to a conflict already abounding in misconception, but from the latter one may drag the suggestion of meeting those intent on discussing "Campbellism" with a lofty "Don't you think it is slightly tainted with Hegelian ideas?" That will disperse their battalions into thin air. Persons really pained and disturbed by Mr. Campbell will find relief in Mr. Egerton's confident, and argued argument. The Macmillan Co.

John Hill Burton's "The Book Hunter" was written for all those friends of books whose names he enumerates, following Disraeli, who followed Rives, and Peignot, who accepted

Rives's "bibliognoste, bibliographe, bibliomane, bibliophile, and bibliotaphe," and added bibliologue, and bibliotacte, and also bibliolyte, a destroyer of books. For himself, Burton preferred the name of book-hunter, and divided his class into private prowlers and auction-haunters, and in the four sections of his book he described the book-hunter's "Nature" and "Functions," "His Club," and "Book Club Literature."

Now the man to whom books are more than his fellow creatures necessarily stands somewhat apart from them, is in their eyes, eccentric, odd, "queer," he manifests his peculiar taste, and a book about him must abound in matter amusing to the average commonplace mind. He may be learned, wise, a master of style, or a man of the world, or a miracle of political wisdom, but stories of his relation to books bring a smile to all faces. Even to himself he is matter for mirth when he reflects upon his extravagances, although shrewdly conscious that true literature and the diffusion of literature are deeply indebted to him for producing those financial conditions in which money circulates freely in the trade. He sees himself much as others see him, but respects himself thoroughly. Burton wrote the delightful English of that last century period preceding the days in which critics innocent of classical learning corrupted the popular mind with theories as to the superiority of twenty-nine successive monosyllables to the most melodious and rhythmical array of polysyllables and declared themselves to be the prophets of simplicity. No word is too good for him and no care in arrangement is too trivial, and, not only his anecdotes but their wording remains long in the mind, and this book which now appears in the "London Library" at an agreeably reduced price is a treasure to the lover of good words and good stories E. P. Dutton & Co.